

JULY 16, 1979

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TIME



The Supreme Court
vs.
The Press

Here Comes Skylab!

— Ten Years After the Moon Walk —



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A Letter from the Publisher

This month will mark the unscheduled arrival of Skylab on earth, as well as the tenth anniversary of mankind's arrival on the moon. These twin aerospace milestones are the subject of this week's cover story, which also looks toward the uncertain but potentially dazzling future of the U.S. space program. To see further ahead, TIME commissioned Science Author and Visionary Arthur C. Clarke to supplement the story with his view of man's long-term prospects in space.

TIME's own aeronautics expert, Washington Correspondent Jerry Hannifin, contributed voluminously to this week's Skylab story, which was written by Senior Writer Ed Magnuson, and to Science Editor Fred Golden's accompanying report on space exploration. A licensed pilot and irrepressible space buff, Hannifin has been covering NASA since it was NACA (National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, until 1958). Recalls Hannifin: "We used to talk about the 'new' turbojet engines, and, gee whiz! a supersonic airplane even seemed possible." Over the years, he met Rocket Wizard Werner von Braun, covered blast-offs from Cape Kennedy and

Wallop Island, Va., and interviewed a universe of scientists and astronauts. To track Skylab, Hannifin returned to several old haunts: the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., the Johnson Space Center in Houston, the Langley Research Center in Hampton, Va. But he was haunted by the sight of a souvenir displayed at the North American Air Defense Command facility near Colorado Springs: a 10-lb. container from a Soviet Soyuz that had hurtled through the atmosphere dangerously intact a few years ago, just as hundreds of Skylab chunks were expected to do this month. Said Hannifin: "That 'boat,' as big as a mixing bowl, had spent a couple of years in orbit, re-entered and was not even scratched. That's been on my mind lately."



Hannifin with Apollo 10 Commander Tom Stafford

Baker at NASA's space museum in Tranquility Base, Ala., playing with a plastic model of the space shuttle and living tranquilly while others venture ever deeper into outer space.

John C. Meyers

Cover: Illustration by Roger Huyssen.

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Letters

SALT Signing

To the Editors:

Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev deserve a big hand for SALT [June 25]: to make the world safer for everyone is a great achievement. Let's hope it works.

Ray Landino
Shelton, Conn.

Surely there will be enough knowledgeable minds in the Senate to see this treaty for what it really is and send it back to Brezhnev.

Kenneth Schaef
Louisville

I found it quite ironic that the Soviet Union's Brezhnev should say, "God will forgive us if we fail."

Presumably God will forgive the Soviet leadership for their repression of religious freedom and the official doctrine of atheism—I would think *nyet*.

Daniel E. Memmott
Ogden, Utah



The nuclear chess finals in Vienna were not the media-for-the-sake-of-media event that you seem to scorn. A few hundred journalists' witnessing for several millions of concerned Americans serves to reinforce the pressure of our presence among our public officials. That is not such a bad idea for potentially earth-shattering deliberations.

T. Patrick Duggan
New York City

Murder of a Newsman

In revulsion I watched on TV the cold-blooded murder in Nicaragua of a good newsman [July 2]. President Anastasio Somoza should personally bear the responsibility for the death of ABC's Bill Stewart. When a military force is reduced to the murder of unarmed reporters, one has to question the discipline of that force and its leadership.

John R.M. Seager
St. Joseph, Mich.

The choice between living under Somoza or under the Sandinistas, *i.e.* Communists, is a difficult one. It is like being asked: "What do you prefer, to get shot in the belly or in the behind?" Sadly enough—because of the failure of the OAS—they are the only two alternatives Nicaraguans have.

Federico C. Meléndez
San Salvador, El Salvador

Preacher Roloff's Way

Texas Preacher Lester Roloff's brand of religious schooling [June 25] reeks of brainwashing, intimidation and mental, if not physical, bludgeoning. No wonder he can claim "success." Even as devoted an "infidel" as I would gladly smash my rock albums and burn my TV set if the alternative was spending a few days lashed to a toilet.

Kevin T. Cahill
Pittstown, N.J.

It is not at all surprising that a largely secular and materialistic society should reject the Rev. Lester Roloff and his belief in biblical discipline because his ideas are not popular in our permissive world. In this society it is more reasonable to electrocute a man than to discipline a child who wavers.

Marcus Zulike
Watsonville, Calif.

How does the state, which seems unable to stop gang killings and intimidation in its penal institutions, have the audacity to think that it is even qualified to license anything, let alone a church institution, which the state has no constitutional right to interfere with?

Leo E. Olbrys
Detroit

Rostow Reply

Hugh Sidey's evocation [June 18] of the Tuesday lunch on the day the Soviet Union invaded Czechoslovakia (Aug. 20, 1968), which was also the day before a SALT summit meeting was to be announced, is not accurate. There was no jubilation. There was a formal item on the agenda concerning the likelihood of Soviet forces moving across the Czech border and a rather somber discussion of the possibilities. When President Johnson was told shortly after 7 that evening that Ambassador Dobrynin wished to deliver a letter from his government at 8, his immediate reaction was to ask whether it was to announce the invasion of Czechoslovakia. In short, we were concerned and disappointed but not surprised.

W. W. Rostow

Austin

Sidey answers: "Our account is from the memory of others who were also present. They did not imply there was no worry about the Soviets. Certainly it was discussed. But in fact Johnson still believed

that arms talks would start and he would fly off to a summit. Indeed at such high-level meetings sober discussions frequently go along with jubilation."

The Lordly Rocky

In your review of *Rocky II* [June 25], you refer to Sylvester Stallone's pretensions to godhood, but as Woody Allen reported in *Manhattan*, "You have to model yourself after somebody."

Patricia O'Brien
Royal Oak, Mich.

Your cynicism is showing. The review reveals an ignorance of what the U.S. needs and enjoys. An audience that stands up and cheers the godlike goodness of Rocky is hungry for heroes. May his sequels never cease.

Maxine Harker
Griffith, N.C.

Would you rather have our children model themselves after a Khomeini or an Idi Amin?

Barry E. Bregoli
San Francisco

On Gossamer Wings

Re the "Odyssey of the Albatross" [June 25]: Paul MacCready learned it long ago as a glider pilot, and Bryan Allen certainly knew it after his super trip across the Channel: a drop in *Gossamer Albatross*'s speed from 12 m.p.h. to 9-plus as the result of a head wind halfway across the Channel had no effect on the likelihood of his stalling. His speed relative to the water below was indeed affected, meaning that his tired legs had that much more time to spend churning their way to Cap Gris-Nez. Hats off to his fine achievement!

Stephen A. Wallis
Lexington, Mass.

Sorry, we blew it, at least in part. Actually, the head wind did not rise up but suddenly slackened. At that moment Albatross did indeed come close to stalling and "Pilot-and-Engine" Allen had to pump furiously to keep from dropping into the water.

California's Revenge

A month or so ago, two- and three-hour gasoline lines in California [May 21] were smugly explained as a reflection of the unique and peculiar nature of Californians and their cult of the automobile. Now that long gas lines have become common on the East Coast, what does it say about the culture of New Jersey, Connecticut and New York? Come on now, fair is fair.

Jim Woodward
Woodland Hills, Calif.

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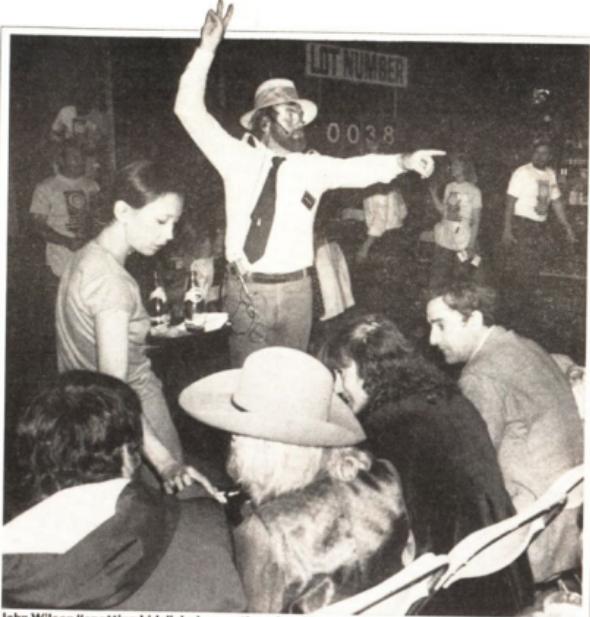
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John Wilson "spotting bids" during auction of architectural antiques

American Scene

In California: The Joy of Spending

The day began with strawberry tarts, fresh orange juice and a Dixieland band. Fine priming for the nearly 1,200 people, most of whom had paid \$250 (applicable to any later purchase) to attend a three-day auction billed as "the greatest collection of architectural antiques ever offered for sale by anyone—anywhere—at any time." Assembled under six tents and a former Two Guys store in a remote corner of Los Angeles were, roughly counting, 4,000 windows, doors, ceilings, entryways and greenhouses of stained, beveled and etched glass, 200 paneled rooms, bars, pubs and shop interiors, and more than 100 mantels, inglenooks and "other miscellany."

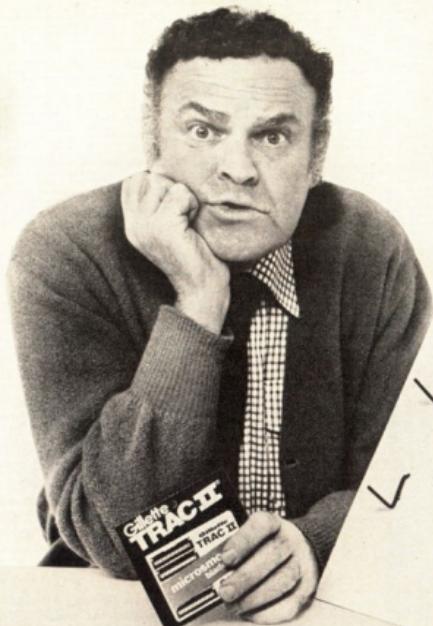
It was the ninth auction put on by John P. Wilson, 40, a former precision-instruments salesman who switched to the nostalgia industry nine years ago, when he turned an unexpectedly tidy profit on a surplus lot of 1,000 old pull-chain toilets—a \$100,000 windfall now memorialized in the name of his company: Golden Movement Emporium.

The crowd around the breakfast bar—cleverly constructed in the semi-antique mode from old railroad baggage carts—admiringly described Wilson as "the P.T. Barnum of the auction busi-

ness." Barnum, it will be remembered, held it true that "there is a sucker born every minute." To encourage five-figure bids, Wilson provided shuttle buses, disposable toothbrushes in rest rooms, free phones, simultaneous translation for a group of 25 Japanese, and \$300,000 worth of frankly fabulous food catered by Los Angeles Restaurateur Robert J. Morris. The wine flowed like water, and so did the Perrier. "I think it's a goddam hoot," grinned a Texan, as a forklift truck rolled past bearing 1,200 live Maine lobsters.

It was part circus, part revival meeting, part convention. Most of the paying guests, according to Wilson, were hotel and shopping-center people and "the Who's Who of the theme-restaurant business." Theme restaurants have nothing to do with Ye Olde Tea Shoppes. These days quaint is a growth industry. Houlahan's Old Place, for example, has grown in the past seven years from one place in Kansas City to a national chain of 18 restaurants, featuring stained glass, antique kitsch and rock music. Recently bought by W.R. Grace, Houlahan's will open ten new restaurants this year at a cost of \$1 million each. Part of Houlahan's decorating inventory, two warehouses full, came from Wilson's earlier auctions.

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American Scene

Bidding starts high and goes higher—roughly double last year's prices. Explanations vary. "We're totally greed motivated," jokes a restaurant owner from Seattle. "The only reason I'm paying \$40,000 for a paneled room is because it will help raise my take from \$1 million to \$2 million." Says Bob Snow, owner of the Rosin O'Grady entertainment-cum-preservation complexes in Orlando and Pensacola: "At the first auction I paid \$4,500 for a real historic bar from Chicago. This year ordinary bars are bringing \$45,000. I don't know whether it's the total devaluation of the dollar or total inflation, or a general dissatisfaction with shoddy material. Some of this is good, beautifully made stuff." Adds a woman who has recently made a genuine fortune in Western land development: "Out here it's all spend it, wear it, show it, and this stuff makes a wonderful situation for the business person. It appreciates while it is depreciated."

The situation is wonderful enough, evidently, to make it seem economically sensible to pay \$10,000 for several pieces of stained glass put together into a ceiling that might have cost \$1,000 a few years ago. ("So it's gotta be worth \$20,000 in a couple years, right?") But if that \$10,000 ceiling goes into a building on the National Register of Historic Places as part of a renovation approved by the Department of the Interior, it can be written off under recent preservation and renovation tax benefits. Or, as a capital improvement to a building 20 years old or older, it can be eligible for a 10% investment tax credit. "Preservation" pays.

Adistant rumble offstage and the deafening shout of the auctioneers announce the arrival of "a front and back bar, English, a real beauty, who'll start me at \$25,000!" The whole thing, garnished with plants and beer mugs, is rolled onto the stage on a dolly, where a crew rotates it under the lights. The motion makes it a little hard actually to see the object being offered, but it "puts more color into the wood," says Acey Decy Equipment Co.'s Peter Ritter. The sound system is pitched to discourage any distracting conversation in the audience. Young women in long, sexy T shirts pass out ice-cream daquiris. People sit clutching bid cards in one hand and plates of shrimp, ribs, tacos, fruit, salad in the other. In the aisles, dozens of bid spotters, dressed in implausible ice cream-hued tuxedos, gesture, shout, plead, cheer and jump.

The pub goes for a rock-bottom \$12,500. No matter. Keep going, keep the average up, aim for \$10 million. The first day brings "over \$4 million." The three-day total, a satisfied Wilson reports: "upwards of \$7½ million." The pub is duly dispatched, to be knocked back into the bits and pieces of wood and glass from which it came and shipped off by container—arriving as one big jigsaw puzzle.



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American Scene

The transportation and reassembly may cost as much as the object itself. But, insists Dennis Gibbons of Grand American Fare, "you couldn't build a paneled room for the price of these pieces. You can't get this stuff any more."

Actually you can. The crafts required live on. People in Europe and the U.S. still build paneled rooms and beveled-glass entryways. They have, in fact, built a good many of the lots in this auction. At the back of the hall Marty Duffy of Ely, Iowa, and Roger Wandrey of Portland, Ore., watch in bemused silence as the intricate glass clusters and stained-glass domes that they made are sold. So do not weep for the little old lady whose oak-paneled inglenook—so cozy with a gin and bitters—is now going to be part of a restaurant theme. The inglenook was probably put together from remnants and refinished. "What a piece!" shouts an auctioneer, as a Gothic pulpit is wheeled up. "Put a disco jockey in that and you've really got something." Not only instant restaurant, but instant imagination.

Which is not to say, not at all, that John Wilson is trying to fool anybody. If a paneled room with baronial fireplace happens to be from London's Barclays Bank, he says so, and an Oklahoma City developer is pleased indeed to buy it for \$32,500. But at a preview Wilson has also eagerly explained that a particular "pub" was actually taken from a church and rearranged. "We embellish, combine, try to keep the period," he says.

Chris Mortenson, 31, who develops land in Montana and San Diego, buys one of the auction's truly great pieces, a stained-glass dome originally made for a San Francisco Elks' hall. He pays \$90,000 but has no special plans for its use.

Hugh and Judith Marshall, a young couple from Houston, acquire the entire interior of the Mappin and Webb Jewelry Store in England for \$70,000. Marshall is in the oil business in Calgary, owns a jewelry store there, and plans to open one in Houston. The Marshalls also buy two general-store interiors they plan to put on their farm outside Houston as a sort of produce stand. Singer Dick Clark buys an entire pub. Two local housewives, seized by pure impulse, acquire a drug-store interior for \$11,000.

Evan Blum, 25, of Irreplaceable Artifacts in New York City, came to watch. He already owns a part of the façade of the old Chicago Stock Exchange and the cornice of Manhattan's Commodore Hotel. He suggests people start saving, for future investment, early formica tabletops "with the pink-and-gray blob design."

Even as the theme-artifact market was booming, another restaurant trend was developing. That day, of the two most in restaurants in Los Angeles, one was operating without a sign of identification, the other with an unlisted phone number. In both, the decor could only be called early toolshed.

—Jane O'Reilly

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NTK189



Nation

TIME/JULY 16, 1979

Carter Was Speechless

But both his friends and foes talked of lack of leadership

Rarely had a U.S. President seemed so strikingly mired in indecision. Just back from the ineffectual Tokyo summit, Jimmy Carter last week scheduled a major address on energy policy, telling aides that he wanted a "bold new approach." Then, just 30 hours before he was supposed to go before the TV cameras, he called off the speech without a word of explanation and holed up at Camp David. Behind in Washington he left baffled aides almost nothing that they could say for certain—except that the President had gone fishing.

By week's end Carter's aides were insisting that he was in a whirlwind of activity at the presidential hideaway, though there still seemed to be little sense of direction to what was taking place. The President summoned his top political advisers—essentially the Georgia Mafia

—eight Governors and assorted energy experts, environmentalists, labor bosses, businessmen and congressional leaders. In what was a kind of "domestic summit," he talked to them about energy, the economy and other issues.

Nonetheless, there was an unstoppable drumbeat of rumors echoing through Washington: the President was somehow settling the 1980 nomination question with Ted Kennedy; the President was shaking up his White House staff, perhaps firing top aides; the President was having a mental breakdown; the President was preparing to resign. As Washington waited, the dollar plunged on international financial markets. The New York Post summed up the spreading bewilderment by demanding, in its blackest front-page type: **WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU UP TO, MR. PRESIDENT?**

If Carter is to pull his presidency out of its nosedive and have a fighting chance of being renominated and re-elected in 1980, he will have to come down from the Catoctin Mountains with a dramatic answer to that question because at week's end the explanation for the Camp David mystery seemed to be nothing more—or less—than a spectacular display of White House ineptitude, followed by a desperate, last-gasp scramble to salvage something from the wreckage. By all indications from Administration aides, Carter canceled his energy speech because he realized, only 30 hours before he was to go on prime-time TV, that he was unprepared to say very much. In part, this was because of deep divisions among his advisers on energy policy. And he seemed strangely unaware of the uproar that his decision would touch off. Said a top aide



James Schlesinger



Walter Mondale



Jody Powell



Gerald Rafshoon



Hamilton Jordan



Stuart Eizenstat

of Carter's reaction to the Washington speculation: "He thinks it's funny."

But Carter's political advisers realized that he had to patch together some kind of program quickly. The official line on the Camp David discussions was that they were being held in a relaxed atmosphere, sometimes on the deck around the swimming pool adjoining Aspen Lodge. The President went jogging Saturday morning with some of the Governors he had invited to the retreat and his guests later reported that he was in a buoyant mood. In Washington, however, some Government officials were calling the domestic summit a watershed in the Carter presidency, a last chance to reverse the widespread impression that he is simply not competent to lead the nation. Said one Cabinet officer of the President's political advisers: "They're scared."

Well might they be. The impression of incompetence is so prevalent that it has plunged Carter close to the lowest poll ratings ever reached by a President. The figures: a 25% overall approval rating in the latest ABC News-Louis Harris poll, or one point below the nadir reached by Richard Nixon in a Harris survey two months before he resigned.* Ironically, it was an attempt to flaunt a brave image and improve the poll ratings that led directly to last week's fiasco.

The tangled series of events began in the Far East, while Carter was traveling to the Tokyo economic summit and South Korea. With him was Image Builder Gerald Rafshoon. When Rafshoon learned about the Harris poll readings, he decided that both Carter and the nation badly needed a forceful show of presidential leadership. Rafshoon sold Carter on the idea of making a major energy speech. One aide recalls that Carter gave his assent at 5 a.m. Far Eastern Time—which he was still operating on, though he was back in Washington—when he was obviously too weary to consider the decision carefully, let alone give much thought to what he might say.

Senior Administration officials were dismayed. They knew that serious policy disputes among the President's advisers could not possibly be resolved in time for a speech only a few days after Carter's return. One hot argument rages over whether to scrap or attempt to patch up the Government's ineffective gasoline allocation system, which has worsened shortages and lengthened gas lines in major cities. Another deep disagreement concerns development of synthetic fuels, such as oil burned out of shale rock, squeezed from tar sands or manufactured from coal. Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger, like many members of Congress, is pushing a plan for a multibillion-dollar program on "synfuels." Domestic Affairs Ad-

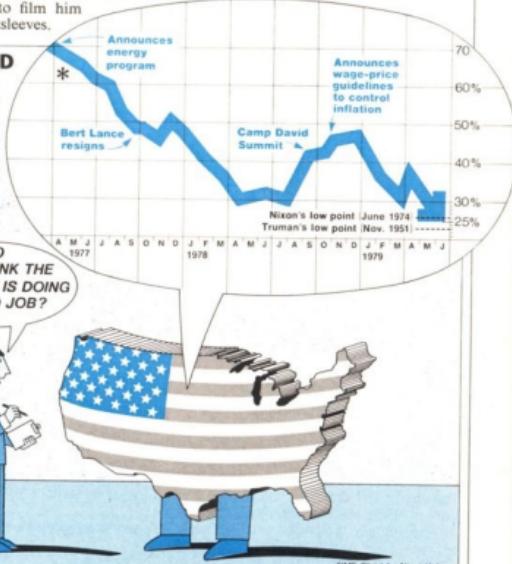
viser Stuart Eizenstat wants to go slow, contending that synthetic-fuels development might cost too much and pollute too much. Carter's aides are also undecided on what kind of stand-by gasoline rationing plan to present to Congress in place of the one that was voted down in May, and on whether to relax clean-air standards to permit burning of more coal and high-sulfur oil.

But a speech had been scheduled, and the aides plunged gamely ahead. They decided to sketch an energy program in broad strokes, giving a rallying call to the nation but leaving out most of what was to be rallied behind. To ensure a maximum audience, the White House began beating the publicity drums. TV networks cleared time for a presidential address at 9 p.m. Thursday. Carter, though exhausted from his Asia travels, entered the Oval Office at 6:42 a.m. Monday. Later that day he called TV cameramen to the Cabinet Room to film him in rolled-up shirtsleeves.

LOWER AND LOWER

DO YOU THINK THE PRESIDENT IS DOING A GOOD JOB?

*Percent of people polled by ABC News-Harris who agreed with the question



projecting the image of a deeply concerned Chief Executive who is determined to confront OPEC.

Zeroing in on OPEC is a strategy that was urged by Eizenstat in a June 28 confidential memo to Carter. The presidential aide forcefully argued that the oil cartel's most recent steep price hike could be an opportunity to shift the blame for inflation and energy problems to OPEC so that the Administration can gain credibility with the American people. "Showing that energy is the only subject the public wants to hear about," Eizenstat urged his boss to deal with, "and publicly be seen dealing with, the major energy

problems" every day for the two or three weeks following the Tokyo summit. Warned Eizenstat: "Nothing else [but energy] has so frustrated, confused, angered the American people—or so targeted their distress at you personally."

After Carter's well-publicized long Monday at his White House desk, he slipped away to Camp David for a quiet Fourth of July, leaving Chief Speechwriter Hersh Hertzberg and his assistants to prepare Thursday night's address. At 1 p.m. Wednesday, messengers delivered Hertzberg's draft to Carter. Two hours later, Carter telephoned Vice President Walter Mondale to call off the whole thing. Why? The speech, said one White House insider, "was just awful"—a mass of vague generalities larded with arcane technicalities like "geothermally pressurized methane." Other aides speculated that Carter, having finally got two nights of sound

sleep, realized that he had made a mistake in agreeing to give a speech.

That would have been bad enough, but the President compounded the damage by being mysterious. Such senior advisers as Eizenstat, Schlesinger and Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal were not even personally told that the speech was called off. All Press Secretary Jody Powell was allowed to say on Wednesday afternoon was that it had been canceled, and "I have nothing to add."

The dollar sank swiftly on foreign money exchanges. An alarmed Blumenthal, using an Army field telephone, reached Carter at a trout stream and per-

*This still did not qualify Carter as the most unpopular President in polling history. Harry Truman's rating hit 23% in the Gallup poll in November 1951, which helped persuade him not to run for re-election.

Nation



suaded him that he had to say something. Anything. Powell, who had been summoned to Camp David, then phoned a statement to Washington reaffirming that the President intends to propose at an early date a series of strong measures to restrain U.S. demand for imported oil. That, and heavy buying up of dollars by the U.S. Federal Reserve and foreign central banks, steadied the dollar slide.

Meanwhile, cruel jokes began circulating, even within the Administration. One official jested that Carter eventually would be produced in public, "if we can get him to put his clothes back on." Another wag quipped that the President had indeed gone fishing at Camp David, but "he is just standing there without a pole."

Aides tried to reassure the public about the President. One White House official reported that Carter's "mental state is about the same as always. He is still the same dull, dogged, determined, nose-to-the-grindstone fellow we all know." Physically, the President has aged markedly in office. His hair is noticeably grayer and thinner, his face lined, his complexion pale and sometimes splotchy. After two summits in two weeks, he returned to Washington, in the words of one insider, "just beat to hell." Even so, aides insist that Carter fundamentally is in excellent health and up to the job of steering the nation between the rocks of energy shortage, inflation and recession.

The passage will be tricky. Economic figures released last week gave a bit of cheer to the helmsmen: unemployment dropped to 5.6% of the labor force in June, the lowest figure since August 1974, and producer (essentially, wholesale) prices rose at a relatively moderate annual rate of 6.2%. But the best judgment of private economists is still that a recession either is on its way or has already begun, and that it will be

worsened by the 50% oil price increase posted by OPEC since January. That boost will drain tens of billions of dollars out of the U.S. and worsen inflation, which at the retail level ran at a staggering annual rate of 13.4% in the first five months of 1979. Admitted Carter on the plane carrying him home from Korea: "The OPEC decision will make a recession much more likely." He predicted that it would add as many as 800,000 people to the jobless rolls by the end of 1980 (private economists' guesses run up to 1.4 million) and push the inflation rate 2% to 2.5% higher than it would otherwise be.

On the energy front, there was good news for Carter, but it was probably temporary. Gas lines shortened or disappeared in many Eastern cities as motorists adjusted to new odd-even sales restrictions and minimum-purchase requirements that seem to have ended tank-topping. But there also was more gas available, reflecting the delivery of fuel allocated to stations for July. The pattern

has been for the stations to sell out supplies quickly, and run low at month's end.

Some more lasting relief from shortages may be on the way. The Saudi Arabian state radio twice promised last week an increase in oil production. Hopeful U.S. Government officials and oil-company executives guessed that the Saudis, the world's largest oil exporters, might raise output by 500,000 to 1 million bbl. per day above the present 8.5 million bbl. That would wipe out a quarter to a half of the current shortage in world markets—if in fact the Saudis do it. They have been issuing teasing, will-we-or-won't-we statements about production for weeks, and some expert speculation was that they will pump more only if the other members of OPEC jack up prices above the present average of \$20 to \$21 per bbl. In any case, a rise in Saudi production would not end the basic problem: the U.S. imports nearly half of its oil, and the supplies from OPEC are both uncertain in quantity and outrageously priced.

To begin breaking that debilitating dependence and manage the immediate shortages, Carter will have to make a whole series of decisions, none of them easy. Before heli-cottering to Camp David, he pledged to correct what he called "the mal-allocation" of gas. But in a colloquy with Energy Secretary Schlesinger staged in the Oval Office for newsmen, Carter sounded ill informed on the subject. "Do you feel the allocation formulas are hurting the Northeast?" Carter asked. "No, sir," replied Schlesinger; all the formulas did was "help the West." He continued: "The effect is to . . ." Carter interrupted: "Put the gasoline where the automobiles are?" "No," replied Schlesinger. "What it does is put the gasoline where the cars are not. It puts it in the rural areas where the people are no longer going on weekends."

Many experts in and out of Government believe that the allocation system is such a hopeless mess that it should be done away with. The trouble is, such a

A Petroleum Parable

Once upon a time, last week in fact, a meeting was held in the august headquarters of the U.N. to hear the grievance of an Arab diplomat. He reportedly pleaded: "We ask for gasoline to be allocated for diplomats because they are in a terrible situation." Said his loyal assistant: "We are using a lot of gas. We have to stand in line, and this is affecting our work."

How true this tale was. And how initially refreshing. The gasoline lines in New York City indeed snake to the horizon. Even the natives may pur-

chase gas only on an odd day here, an even there. Lo, how it heartened them to know that the inconvenienced diplomat was Salah Omar al-Ali, the ambassador from Iraq, whose land has helped make oil dear as gold.

Alas, his plight may have fallen upon sympathetic ears. A U.N. committee will discuss letting the diplomats use a pump in the building's basement so that they will be spared the gas-line woes of the natives.

Moral: the squeaky wheel can get the oil.

move would require scrapping price controls on gasoline too, so that a free market could steer supplies to areas where drivers are in most serious need and willing to pay top prices. Carter's political advisers fear that taking all limits off gasoline prices would both be very unpopular and work a serious hardship on the poor, who would have to be compensated somehow by the Government.

The synthetic-fuels battle is even more tangled. Last week Carter called the pushing of synfuel development "a major goal of my Administration." But how should it be done? By providing a guaranteed market at a guaranteed price to synthetic-fuel makers? By having the Government build plants to be run by private companies? How much production should be expected? At what cost? All sorts of figures are being voiced in the Administration and Congress: production of 500,000 bbl. to 5 million bbl. per day by 1990; federal expenditures of from \$2 billion a year to \$100 billion over the next decade. Opponents of all-out development fear not only pollution but that the Government might pour forth enormous sums of money and wind up with a string of white-elephant plants.

By week's end a partial decision had been reached. Carter probably will propose a Government corporation trust fund authority to provide \$50 billion for synfuel development. Only \$5 billion, however, would be capital paid in by the Treasury; the rest would be borrowed on money markets.

To counterattack recession, meanwhile, Carter's economic advisers proposed a quickie tax cut late this year if the economy seems to be headed for a real tailspin. The Administration began sounding out congressional powers like Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long on what kind of tax cut they would accept. Carter is reluctant to cut taxes because that would shatter his increasingly unrealistic dream of balancing the budget by fiscal 1981, but so would a recession. The deeper danger is that a tax cut might further fan inflation.

Weighing such conflicting claims and then setting the nation's course is precisely the job of Presidents and just what much of the nation thinks Carter is unable to do. Far more is at stake than poll ratings or Carter's chances for re-election. There is a real danger, and it feeds on itself: as more citizens get the impression that the President is incompetent, fewer people listen to him and the more his ability to lead is in fact eroded.

Searching for consolation amid last week's confusion, one Administration official came up with this thought: "At least, when Carter finally gives that speech, he will have one hell of an audience." No doubt, but after last week's roll of publicity drums, followed by dead silence, followed by wild confusion and seeming desperation, that speech must be no less than Carter's best if he is to recover in the eyes of his countrymen. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

To Push a Nation Beyond Itself

There have been moments along the difficult presidential journey of Jimmy Carter when he seemed close to fulfilling his own prophecy that he could "achieve greatness." He recognized the gravity of the energy problem early. He had the courage to see the peril of inflation and change his course. In the glades of Camp David, when his goodness, his determination and his sincerity brought Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat together for peace, Carter seemed ready to move beyond historical inhibitions.

His sudden decision to normalize relations with China was another bold stroke beyond convention. His skillful orchestration of the Vienna summit, his firm but tender treatment of the ailing Leonid Brezhnev, appeared to signal that he was now trained and toughened and on the brink of stepping out of mediocrity.

But last week, as he had before, Carter seemed to falter and slip back, hesitant and uncertain about how to lead this nation into a future that grows darker each day. The chilling conclusion was echoed even in the ranks of his friends and supporters: he may not be up to the challenge. It is plain that he has mastered the details of the problems, come to appreciate the role of Congress, learned better the realities of a dangerous world. But taking that knowledge and fashioning from it a call to peaceful arms eludes him. A growing number of both politicians and scholars believe that because of the energy and economic crises, this nation needs a kind of revolution in thought and way of life. The principal executive of such an effort of inspiration and organization must be the President. Yet the size of the challenge and the power he has at his command seem too great for his comprehension—or use.

The American people are coming to the same conclusion about Jimmy Carter. Richard Scammon, an expert in the analysis of public opinion, finds the Harris and Gallup polls that show Carter now running behind Republicans Ronald Reagan and Gerald Ford "the worst thing that has happened in his presidency." Ratings of "approval" often rise and fall. But when specific choices are being made this early in the political season, Scammon believes that the problem of an incumbent reaches beyond politics to the popular perception of the man.

If history is a guide, there really is no one who can tell Carter how he should lead. That is the worry. He has little sense of history, nor has he proved himself to be an imaginative man. These may be fatal flaws.

Nobody has yet explained satisfactorily why Abraham Lincoln innately understood that the most important task before him was to preserve the Union, not to free the slaves; that meeting the first challenge would allow him better to combat the second. "The essence of [Franklin] Roosevelt's presidency," wrote Historian Clinton Rossiter, "was his airy eagerness to meet the age head on." Roosevelt understood the reserve of U.S. courage in the time of Depression better than the people themselves did. He calculated the productive potential of America before World War II more accurately than did the leaders of industry. Franklin Roosevelt "anticipated history," said his friend Winston Churchill. Thus, within ten days after Roosevelt received the letter from Albert Einstein warning about the possible development of an atomic bomb, the U.S. rushed toward the Manhattan Project over the resistance of its own military leaders. The commanders were countered by a message sent out through Aide "Pa" Watson: "But the boss wants it, boys."

And one night after hearing a despondent litany of the money (\$40 billion) and time (ten years) it would take to go to the moon, with no guarantee of beating the Soviets, John F. Kennedy, 43, pushed his chair back from the table, walked into the Oval Office with a deep frown on his face and in five minutes sent a message out with Aide Ted Sorenson: "We are going to the moon."

We will celebrate the tenth anniversary of Neil Armstrong's "giant leap for mankind" next week. Carter would do well to ponder what it takes to push this country beyond itself, where lie great risks but greater rewards.



Off to Camp David with Rosalynn

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Nation

Civics Lesson

Byrd instructs the Soviets

He strongly denied that he had come to the Soviet Union to give the Kremlin a U.S. civics lesson, but that is exactly what West Virginia's Robert Byrd did last week. During a five-day visit to the U.S.S.R., the Senate majority leader repeatedly stressed to his hosts that the Senate is determined, as set forth in the U.S. Constitution, to play its own independent role in SALT II.

Speaking to a group of Soviet officials, Byrd cautioned that Moscow would "not contribute to a constructive discussion of the treaty" by expecting the Senate to be the White House's rubber stamp. Byrd was presumably alluding to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's statement that it would be the "end of negotiations" if the Senate amended SALT II. Byrd also advised the Soviets not to be offended by the rhetoric that will sound during the SALT debate. Said he: "The conscientious application of our constitutional process [should not be viewed] as a challenge to the Soviet Union."

Byrd missed few opportunities to stress that as a Senator he is not tied to the White House. Thus, even though State Department experts had accompanied him from Washington, he pointedly took none of them and no members of the U.S. Embassy with him for his 1-hr. and 45-min. meeting with Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev. Administration officials were similarly excluded from Byrd's more-than-two-hour talk with Gromyko. This session began on an amiable note, with the Foreign Minister observing that his pile of briefing notes was thinner than Byrd's thick folder. "That's just my notebook," replied the majority leader. "I'm going to write down what you tell me."

What he wrote down—as well as what he specifically told the Soviet leaders—was kept secret. To reporters in Moscow, Byrd merely said: "I did not come here expecting simple answers. I asked questions, made suggestions and observations. It may take some time for it to be known what the Soviet response will be."

Byd acknowledged that his views on SALT had been influenced by his talks with the Soviets. Said he: "What I have heard here will help me consider." As one of the Senate's most powerful members, he could play the pivotal role in determining the treaty's fate. On leaving Moscow, Byrd said: "I will not make up my own mind immediately. I will await at least some of the hearings." Those hearings were scheduled to begin this week when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee opens the great debate by calling two of SALT's strongest supporters: Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Defense Secretary Harold Brown. ■



Witness Neary; Defendant Bundy as seen on a TV screen outside the courtroom



The Case of the Chi Omega Killer

Accused Murderer Ted Bundy goes on trial in Miami

Do you see the man?" the prosecutor asked last week in a Miami courtroom. On the witness stand, the pretty blond woman swiveled in her chair and pointed a quivering finger at a slender, dark-haired man. "Would you identify him for the record?" continued the prosecutor. The silence that followed was suddenly broken by the suspect, who is leading his own defense. "That's Mr. Bundy," he said, referring to himself in the third person. "Thank you, Mr. Bundy," said the judge. Replied the defendant: "You're welcome."

So went the testimony in the bizarre murder trial of Theodore Robert Bundy, 32, on charges that in January 1978 he bludgeoned to death two Chi Omega sorority sisters at Florida State University in Tallahassee and seriously injured three other coeds. The defendant is an unlikely looking murder suspect. He is handsome, articulate and composed, a former law student who, in his blue suit, is almost indistinguishable from the defense lawyers clustered around him. Nonetheless, Bundy is suspected by police of being one of the worst mass murderers in U.S. history, responsible for a trail of up to 36 young women victims, spanning four years and four states. As a final outlandish touch, his sensational murder trial is being televised live, under a recent Florida high court decision. It was not affected by last week's Supreme Court ruling that pretrial hearings need not be public (see LAW).

Perhaps the strangest element in the Bundy case is his own seemingly contradictory character and background. He was raised in Tacoma, Wash., where he was a Boy Scout, and in 1972 was graduated with honors from the University of Washington. Professors praised him as a



Victims Levy and Bowman



Victims Levy and Bowman

"mature young man who is very responsible and emotionally stable." He became a member of Governor Daniel Evans' re-election campaign staff and later worked for the Seattle Crime Commission. Former colleagues recall Bundy

as intelligent and likable.

While Bundy was in law school at the University of Puget Sound, young women who superficially resembled one another (long brown or blond hair, parted in the middle) began to disappear. Only the skeletons of some were found. Police had one small bit of evidence to go on: a young man named Ted, who drove a Volkswagen "Beetle," often showed up shortly before the women vanished.

Bundy owned a Volkswagen, and he took it with him when he transferred in 1974 to the University of Utah law school. The Washington killings stopped, and a similar series soon began in Utah. But the police had little to connect Bundy with any of them until the summer of 1975, when he was arrested and later charged with kidnaping Carol DaRonch, 17, from a shopping center in the Salt Lake City area. Bundy was convicted and sentenced to one to 15 years in prison.

In the course of the investigation, police officers searching through his credit card receipts found that he had also been close to the scene of several recent murders in Colorado. After strands of hair from his car were identified as coming from Caryn Campbell, 24, a Michigan nurse who was murdered while on a ski vacation in Colorado in 1975, Bundy was extradited to Aspen for trial early in 1977. Late that year, he escaped by losing 35 lbs. and wriggling through a lighting panel in his maximum-security cell.

Eight days later he took a room at a

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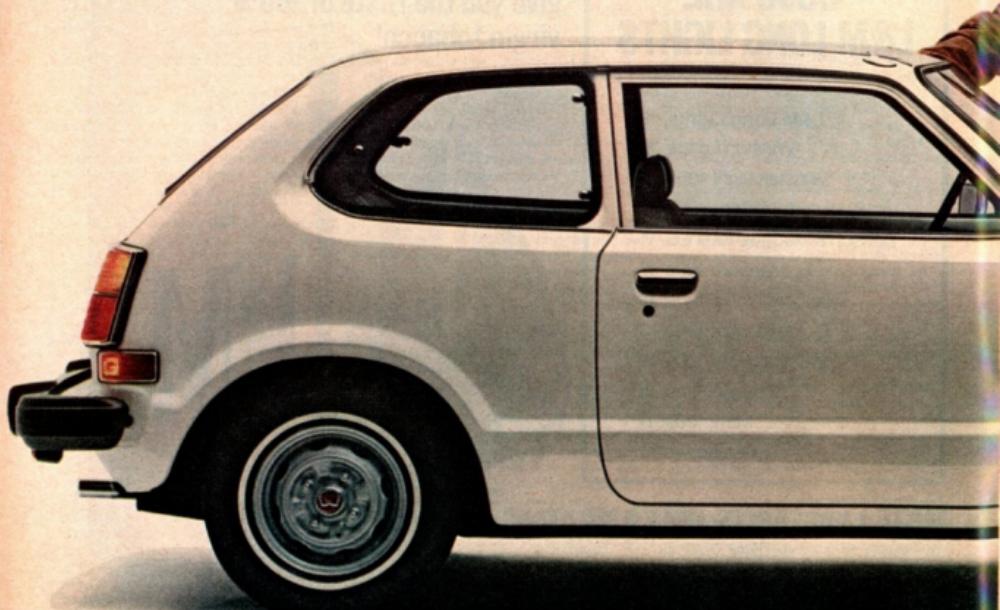
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Nation

boarding house five blocks from the Chi Omega sorority in Tallahassee. Early one morning, according to the state, he bludgeoned the four women, killing Lisa Levy, 20, and Margaret Bowman, 21. Then, police say, he walked six blocks to a duplex and attacked a fifth young woman, who survived.

The prosecution's case against Bundy is largely circumstantial. Last week's testimony from one of the state's chief witnesses, former Chi Omega Sister Nita Jane Neary, 21, was out of the jury's hearing because its validity was challenged by Bundy. She claimed to have seen him fleeing the sorority house after the murders. But she admitted that the intruder wore a stocking cap pulled down over his ears and that she saw him for only about three seconds and only in profile as he paused briefly at the door. In 3½ hours of grueling cross-examination, she also admit-

ted that she had been at a drinking party that evening and was feeling unwell. However, last Friday Judge Edward Covert ruled that her testimony could be used as evidence before the jury.

The prosecution's other key evidence is a photograph of bite marks on Lisa Levy's buttocks. The state's expert witness, Dr. Richard Souviron of Coral Gables, told a seminar of pathologists last fall that Bundy's teeth perfectly fit the impressions found on the victim. But bite-mark testimony has rarely been used as evidence in trials.

Bundy is also seeking to block sworn depositions of his conversations with policemen shortly after his arrest. Although Bundy denied killing anyone, several statements seemed to reveal a man who had much to hide. According to a sheriff's officer, Bundy said that he had a

"desire to cause great bodily harm to females" and that he would like to be placed in an institution in Washington where he could be studied "for whatever aberrations he may possess."

Until this week, Bundy's defense had gone well. He managed to have the original judge removed as prejudiced, won a change of venue from Tallahassee to Miami, and had the trial postponed four times. He even got a leg manacle removed so that he could move freely about the courtroom.

If Bundy is acquitted, however, he will hardly be a free man. Along with the Colorado murder charge and his original prison sentence in Utah, he faces 67 felony counts in Florida for stolen credit cards, forgery and auto theft—and a murder charge in yet another case, the sex slaying of a twelve-year-old girl in Lake City, Fla., in 1978.

Americana



Take the Money and Run

Thieves in Cleveland had better begin stepping lively. Last month a young man filched a \$15.98 bag from Hermes Track and Racquet Shop and walked blithely away. But he was reckoning without Shopowner Gary Easter, 31, a former Cleveland policeman and marathoner who runs ten miles a day. Easter quickly locked up the store and gave chase.

Soon the thief, who by then was running, threw the bag at Easter, huffing, "I don't want it. It's not worth this." But Easter just kept coming. The thief, by now badly winded, jettisoned some more excess baggage, including a small scale for weighing letters that he had apparently shoplifted from another store. Still Easter kept gaining. Finally the exhausted thief collapsed in a parking lot. "I give up," he wheezed, whereupon Easter hauled him to the nearest police station. Easter's quarry, Mark Reese, 31, pleaded guilty to assault and theft and got 30 days in jail, during which he can think about bettering his form.

Blue Sunday

Quiet Sundays are one thing, but in Ocean Grove (pop. 7,000), N.J., which was founded as a seaside Methodist campsite 110 years ago, they are carried to extremes. Heavy chains block the roads into town, and no cars are allowed to move on the streets. Outdoor work, including gardening around the Victorian cottages, is banned. No one is permitted to go swimming, fishing, skating or buy even an ice cream cone. Until a newsdealer won a court suit several years ago, papers could not be delivered on Sunday.

But now the peaceable kingdom is threatened. Louis Celmer Jr., of nearby Belmar, was convicted of drunken driving in Ocean Grove in 1976. He appealed, claiming that his conviction was invalid because the state legislature had unconstitutionally authorized the Camp Meeting Association of the United Methodist Church to establish Ocean Grove's police force. The New Jersey Supreme Court agreed unanimously, ruling that the theopolis' legal system and ordinances did indeed violate the First Amendment separation of church and state. Said the court: "In effect, the legislature has decreed that in Ocean Grove the church shall be the state and the state shall be the church." So unless Ocean Grove's residents can find a way to stop the ruling from going into effect this week, the streets of the town that describes itself on billboards as GOD'S SQUARE MILE OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS will look much like those of any other sea-side resort. The future, as envisioned by Harold Flood, president of the Camp Meeting Association: "Roller skaters and bicyclists, and even cars on Sunday."



Eye of the Beholder

When Artist Eugene Kenney envisioned the eye, he did not expect it to be of a storm. What he had in mind was hanging a huge canvas eye of Horus, symbol of the all-seeing Egyptian deity, from the top of San Francisco's 853-ft. pyramid-shaped Transamerica Building. "An artistic idea that could be comprehended on many levels," contended Stephen Goldstine, president of the San Francisco Art Institute, and an insightful way to mark the museum's King Tut exhibit.

Kenney's proposal received some eye-catching endorsements. "Ingenious," said Roy Schmidt, senior vice president of the firm that designed the building. "Something that we can all enjoy," said Charlotte Mailliard, a former member of the Landmarks Advisory Board. But Transamerica Chairman John Beckett turned Kenney down. Said Beckett: "This building is like our house. It's where we work and live, and we just don't want an eye on it." Said Kenney: "They just don't speak an artist's language."



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COVER STORY

Skylab's Fiery Fall

A decade after the moon walk, a crash landing for a 77.5-ton giant

With varying degrees of fear, anger and fascination, but mostly with a detached kind of bemusement, the world this week awaits an unprecedented event: the fiery fall of the largest machine man has ever hurled into space. The American Skylab vehicle, nine stories tall and weighing 77.5 tons, is expected to slip into the earth's upper atmosphere, then disintegrate into a celestial shower of flaming metal as spectacular as any of last week's Fourth of July fireworks displays. Somewhere, probably at sea, ten fragments, each weighing 1,000 lbs. or more, will crash to earth at speeds of up to 270 m.p.h. with the force of a dying meteor. Thus will be observed, after a series of miscalculations, the tenth anniversary of man's proudest achievement in space, the walk on the moon.

Despite all their wondrous tracking stations, bristling with huge radar antennas and feeding the most advanced electronic computers, America's top military and civilian space scientists could not predict even roughly where Skylab would fall. Until the final hours, they could narrow the area of eventual impact only to a vast global band between 50° north latitude and 50° south latitude—a sweep of about 109 million sq. mi. or nearly 56% of the earth's area. Conceded Hal Sierra, one of the technicians monitoring Skylab's death throes from the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center near Houston: "We're balancing on a knife edge—but we're not sure where the knife is."

Officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which conceived and launched Skylab six years ago, took comfort in the mathematics of probabilities. Some 500 fragments of the huge space workshop will be dispersed over an area 4,000 miles long and 100 miles wide, a scattering that the scientists call, with anthropomorphic archness, Skylab's "footprint." Moreover, on each of Skylab's 90-minute orbits of the earth, nearly 67 minutes, or 75%, is spent over water. What all that means, contend NASA's statisticians, is that the chance of any remnant striking a human being is only 1 in

152; the probability of any specific person being struck is 1 in 600 billion—far less than the chance of being hit by a bolt of lightning or winning a lottery.

NASA, however, was not taking the potential danger at all lightly. One of the heaviest pieces of Skylab, a two-ton lead-lined vault used for film storage, is capable of digging a hole 5 ft. wide and 100 ft. deep. And within the band of Skylab's orbital paths lie some of the world's most populous areas, including all of the U.S., much of Europe, India and China. Indeed, the chance of debris falling in some city of at least 100,000 inhabitants is a sober-

ing high-rise apartment building on Chicago's Near North Side, scheduled a sub-basement party for tenants that would begin two hours before Skylab was expected to break up. Radio stations eagerly joined the hoopla. Ohio's WNCI-FM in Columbus offered \$98,000 to the first Ohioan bringing in a locally found piece of the Skylab wreckage within 98 hours of impact. In Atlanta, callers could win yellow T shirts bearing a bull's-eye and the words I'M AN OFFICIAL WQXI-AM 79 SKYLAB TARGET.

An old-fashioned newspaper promotion battle broke out over Skylab in San

Francisco. The *Examiner* got the jump on its rival by offering \$10,000 for any Skylab relic, and even before the re-entry, readers were bringing in hunks of metal scrap. The *Chronicle* responded with a black-bordered front-page notice that any of its subscribers could collect up to \$200,000 for personal and property damage from the space station. Chicago Insurance Expert Robert Schultz belittled such offers by advising that anyone who holds a standard homeowner's policy is already covered against Skylab.

There were many variations on the theme. New Hampshire Attorney John Ahlgren advertised "free legal services for people hit by falling pieces of Skylab" outside his

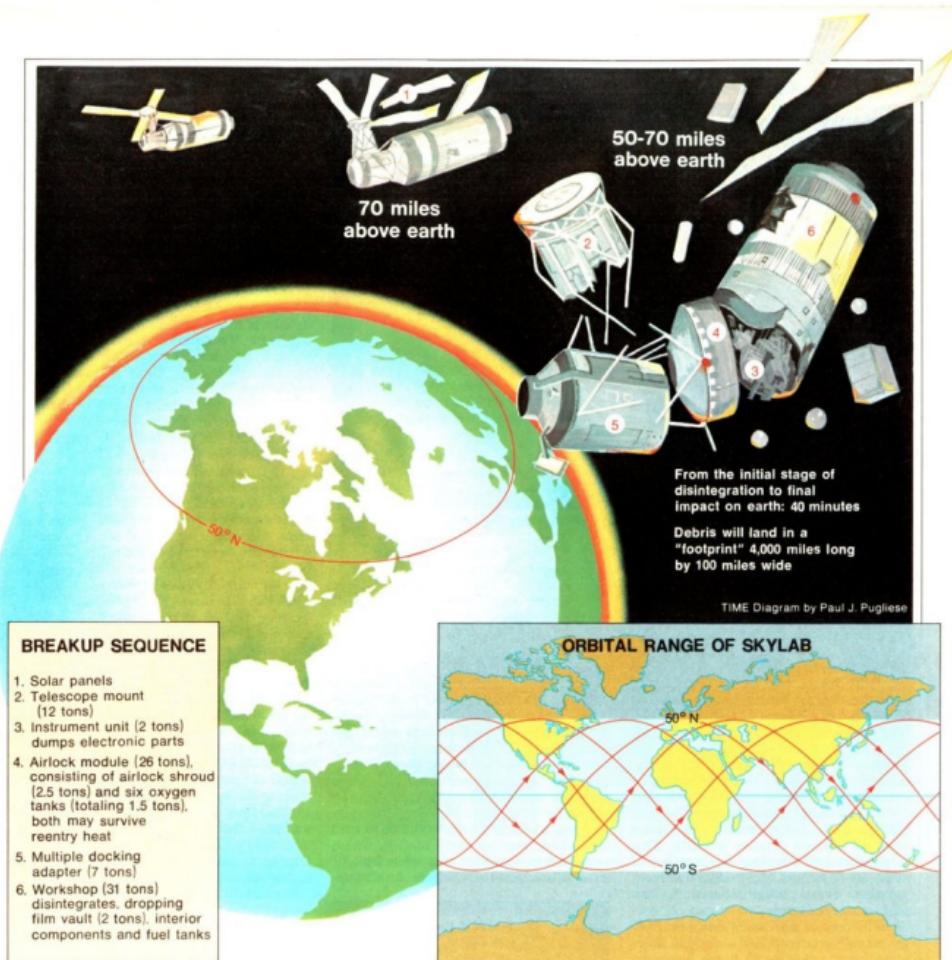
Portsmouth office. But he saw a serious side to the event too. "People feel at the mercy of forces they cannot control," he explained. "Concern is mild, but it's there." An ad hoc Spokane, Wash., group called the Skylab Self-Defense Society hung a 15-ft. bull's-eye on the side of a downtown office building and suggested, "Make Spokane the target for Skylab's landing. If you give the Government a target to shoot at, it's bound to miss. That is our greatest protection." Throughout the U.S., Skylab "survival kits," usually including plastic helmets and targets, were selling well. There were also numerous office lotteries based on when or where Skylab would fall. At the White House, Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell was said to have \$2 riding on his best impact guess: the Arabian Sea.



Skylab in orbit in 1973 after U.S. astronauts had placed gold umbrella to shade section where heat shield had torn away; only one solar wing survived

ing 1 in 7. Only 10% of the earth's inhabitants can be considered totally free of any risk from Skylab's metallic fallout.

Despite the perils, many Americans seemed to take a perverse pleasure in spoofing the unwelcome visitor from space. Skylab stimulated a lot of harmless hucksterism, revived some old promotional gimmicks, even became an excuse to throw parties. Inevitably, Chicken Little emerged as a dominant theme, now crying, "The Skylab is falling! The Skylab is falling!" The analogy was not quite apt, but feathers and beaks were the dress of the day for Skylab watch parties from Minneapolis to Manhattan. Guests at the "first and last annual greater New Orleans Skylab observation party" were asked to bring binoculars, telescopes and crash helmets. Jay Schatz, owner of a lux-



At an increasingly busy public information switchboard at the Johnson Space Center, one of the most frequent questions from callers was whether pieces of Skylab would remain Government property and must be surrendered by their finders. "No," replied NASA's Terry White. "We slammed the hatch on Skylab in 1974. Anyone can keep the pieces and put them on their coffee tables."

Other questioners asked why the U.S. could not fire a nuclear missile that would blast Skylab to smithereens. The official answer: this is prohibited by international treaty. Refusing to accept that, some enthusiasts tried anti-Skylab measures of their own. Buryl Payne, director of Massachusetts' Institute for Psychic Energistics, used a Fort Lauderdale, Fla., radio

station to tie in with 150 other stations and reach some 40 million listeners in seeking a mass psychic push to nudge Skylab into a higher orbit. In the broadcast, listeners were instructed to "relax, visualize yourselves as being in contact with Skylab and then visualize Skylab as moving out into space." Despite such positive thinking, Skylab kept slipping closer to earth.

More practically, the watching world would have to depend on the men who put Skylab into space to find the best means of bringing it back to earth with minimal risk to human life. The first priority was to track Skylab's decaying orbit as precisely as possible. That is the job of the North American Air Defense Command, whose joint U.S.-Canadian computers deep within a pink granite mountain near

Colorado Springs, Colo., continuously monitor the movements of 4,506 hunks of space garbage now orbiting the earth.

The worldwide array of NORAD's space-tracking stations, using infra-red detection devices as well as radar, is so discerning that it can track an object even smaller than a basketball at a range of 20,000 miles. Even an astronaut's glove is being tracked. Beyond Skylab, the heaviest object aloft is now Salyut 6, the Soviets' manned spacecraft. Every month about 40 man-made objects re-enter the atmosphere, but only a fourth survive to strike the earth. There has never been a reported injury, although the fall of Cosmos 954 over northern Canada in January 1978 led to fears of radioactive contamination from its nuclear power packs (there

Nation



NORAD Spokesman Major Tom Cross at Colorado center tracking Skylab's death

is no radioactive material aboard Skylab.

The NORAD calculations are being transmitted by phone to a windowless room at the Johnson Space Center, where four five-member teams take turns watching monitor screens round the clock. On one wall hangs a 10-ft.-high chart detailing the altitude of the falling lab, day by day. The room, No. 314, is far plainer than the control center from which the Apollo moon missions were directed. The watch teams receive fresh telemetric data from Skylab whenever it gets within radio range of one of five NASA tracking stations (in Santiago, Chile; Bermuda; Ascension Island; Madrid; and Goldstone, Calif.). On these "passes," controllers can still make small adjustments in the space vehicle's position relative to earth. This is possible for only four minutes out of every 90. Says Don McDonald, one team member: "It's 1 1/2 hours of boredom, then four minutes of terror."

The crucial final countdown will begin when Skylab drops to about 120 miles above earth, roughly 48 hours before its re-entry into the atmosphere. At that point, a higher-level interagency team of experts, including NASA Administrator Robert A. Frosch, will take up positions in the Skylab Coordination Center on the sixth floor of NASA headquarters in Washington. Getting his information and recommendations from the Houston center, NORAD and the Marshall Space Flight Center at Huntsville, Ala., Frosch will make the final decisions on what, if anything, should be done to try to influence Skylab's final fall.

The options are limited. On June 20, NASA's team members used up precious bursts of the spacecraft's dwindling propellant to turn its nose horizontally by 90° and into a sideways position, which experts increased drag against its forward movement. That change gave NASA its

best chance of some final control. Explained Cindy Major, 27, one of the Houston monitors: "There is more pressure now because the attitude of the spacecraft is more sensitive. There is no room for error."

The key decision is to be made when Skylab falls to a height of about 90 miles above earth, some twelve hours before estimated re-entry. At that point the controllers could use some of the 6,000 remaining pounds of fuel to rotate the craft into various nose-forward, "low drag" positions, in the hope that this would prolong Skylab's life by anywhere from one to five more orbits. By contrast, a second option would be to send the vehicle into an early tumble, which would cut from one to three orbits from its natural, uncontrolled re-entry. A third op-



Target on office building in Spokane
"It's bound to miss," say the sponsors.

tion would be to do nothing and let gravity take its course.

The choices were to be made on the basis of a complicated "hazard index," a computer calculation used to determine the final orbital paths that would take the spacecraft over the least densely populated areas. Frosch has already made one firm rule about reaching those last critical decisions: Skylab will not be sent into an orbit posing a high hazard in hopes of later reaching an orbit of lesser risk. That is because NASA is simply not certain that its efforts to select the precise final orbit will work. To do nothing in such a situation is preferable to taking a high-risk gamble and failing. Amid all those uncertainties, the engineers think the best final orbit would take the craft over the southern part of South America, across southern Africa, the Indian Ocean and India, then over China and the Pacific.

Even with all the planning, the margin of possible error is uncomfortably large. At about six hours before re-entry, NASA's projected impact points for Skylab's disintegrating parts occur somewhere along a path of 40,000 miles—nearly twice the circumference of the globe. At two hours, the final anticipated flight track still extends over a 13,000-mile path. Testing its prediction on a falling Soviet Cosmos booster stage on April 29, NORAD made an estimate two hours before re-entry—and missed the actual impact points in the Pacific by 4,000 miles.

If the Skylab debris strikes a populated area, the U.S. Government will hear about it in a hurry. The State Department last month designated one member in each of its overseas missions as a Skylab officer to brief foreign governments on the facts of the spacecraft's fall and what the U.S. was prepared to do in case of serious damage. In India, the U.S. specialist, Thomas Vrebalovich, went to unusual lengths to pacify critics of the American space venture. He told journalists that if NASA faced the choice of steering Skylab toward either India or America, it would most certainly select the spacecraft's homeland. India's 83-year-old Prime Minister Morarji Desai joined in trying to calm his people's fears. Said he: "Don't get nervous and worried before it happens. It's no use dying before death comes."

The U.S. has assembled "go teams" consisting of NASA experts, Defense Department engineers, Red Cross aides, State Department diplomats and Justice Department lawyers—all on alert to be flown by the Air Force to any nation seeking help. China has already agreed to receive such a team if Skylab wreaks havoc there. The Russians, on the other hand, have rejected the offer. "We are responsible at law; there is no question about that," concedes one NASA lawyer.

Here too the American capacity for joking about Skylab flourished. Columnist Russell Baker proposed a series of letters for NASA to send, depending on where Skylab fell. Example: "Dear Greece: It's a

crying shame about the Parthenon, but as American daddies used to tell their sons back in the days when the Model T finally broke down, nothing man makes will last forever."

In case of a serious Skylab crash in the U.S., Washington expects local fire, police and medical authorities to provide any needed emergency service. A team from NASA would go to the area to give technical advice and help document claims, while the Federal Emergency Management Agency would coordinate aid on a regional basis. Actually, few localities, if any, have made advance plans for such an unpredictable accident.

People seeking advice from NASA on how to minimize their own risks from Skylab got little help. The agency suggested that one might be a shade safer underground than on the surface, but it warned that the very act of, say, taking a car to get to an underground shelter might increase the danger—because the chance of getting hurt in a car accident is greater than the risk from Skylab. As a general rule, space experts suggested, "Do nothing."

Both in the U.S. and abroad, some editorialists asked a bit testily how NASA ever got in the awkward position of permitting tons of metal fragments to endanger wholly innocent earthlings. Some of the agency's sympathizers blamed the "bean counters" in the Federal Government's budget bureaucracy during the Nixon Administration for forcing NASA to build its Skylab "on the cheap," mainly with leftover hardware from the successful Gemini and Apollo manned spacecraft programs. Astronomer Mark Chartrand III, chairman of New York City's American Museum-Hayden Planetarium, claimed Congress was at fault in its financial shortsightedness. Said he: "Hell, if I had my way, I'd target Skylab to fall on Congress while it is in session."

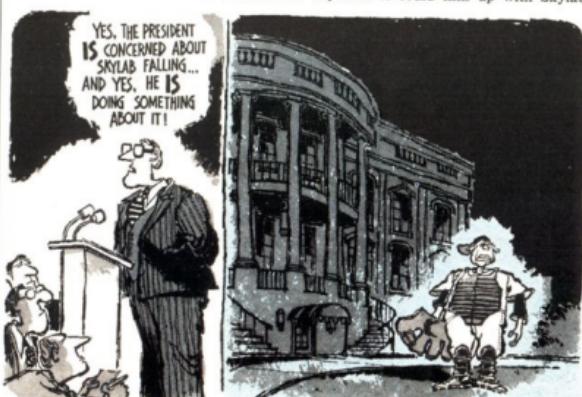
Originally, NASA had proposed in 1968 the \$2.6 billion orbiting laboratory program. At that time extra rockets capable of keeping Skylab in space almost indefinitely were considered. The craft's ability to stay in orbit would be reinforced, if necessary, by astronauts transported up to it in a convenient space shuttle, then also on the NASA drawing boards. But under budgetary pressures both vehicles were simplified—and both developed unanticipated technical problems. So when Skylab's orbit began to slip, there was no shuttle to come to its rescue.

In fact, Skylab's history of glitches demonstrated both the futility of taking technological shortcuts and the agility of men working in space to remedy unexpected ailments. When Skylab was launched by a Saturn 5 booster rocket on May 14, 1973, a large section of its meteoroid and heat shield ripped away, taking one of its prematurely extended solar-energy wings with it. A second wing jammed in a retracted position. The craft both overheated in orbit and was dangerously underpowered. But in the space

age's first salvage mission, on May 25, 1973, Astronauts Charles ("Pete") Conrad Jr. and Joseph Kerwin entered the overheated space lab and rigged a makeshift umbrella to shade the vehicle's bald spot, then spent a harrowing four hours outside the stricken craft freeing the stuck wing. During a second manned mission, on July 28, 1973, the lab's thrusters sprang leaks—and a crash program to prepare a vehicle to rescue the three astronauts was undertaken. The astronauts shut off the leaking system, and the rescue mission proved unnecessary. On the third and final mission, on Nov. 16, 1973, Astronauts William Pogue and Edward Gibson struggled for three hours outside Skylab in getting a vital radar antenna adjusted and repaired.

In the course of its troubled flights, Skylab crews established an endurance

hardware was incompatible with Skylab's. Soyuz also lacked sufficient propellant to maneuver with the ailing U.S. vehicle and then give it a powerful boost into higher orbit. Declared NASA's Frosch: "The obstacles involved were insurmountable, in the time remaining." Russian scientists, in effect, agree, although they note that if plans for a cooperative effort had been started two years ago, a rescue might have been possible. Roald Sagdeev, director of the Institute of Space Research of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, told *TIME*: "All the operations needed to give Skylab an additional impulse could have been made within the limits of existing rocket and space technology—either American or Soviet." The U.S., he said, could have helped modify the docking locks of Soyuz so it could link up with Skylab.



record of 84 days in space—a mark since surpassed by Soviet cosmonauts. More than 50 scientific, technical and medical experiments were conducted. Some 183,000 unprecedented pictures of the sun were snapped through Skylab's telescope.

Ironically, despite NASA's concentration on solar research with Skylab, the agency's failure to anticipate the extent of sunspot activity during the vehicle's years in orbit contributed substantially to the craft's death. Russian scientists as well as America's own National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration had predicted considerable solar disturbances, including great magnetic storms and solar flares. When they erupted in 1977 and 1978, they warmed the gases in the earth's outer atmosphere, increasing the drag on Skylab. Never fully powered because of its lost solar wing and failing batteries, the craft began to slip ever closer to earth.

One by one, methods of rescuing Skylab were considered by NASA and then discarded as impractical. There was talk of a joint Soviet-American mission, using the Soviet Soyuz system, but it had to be abandoned because the Russian craft's dock-

The NASA engineers studied a plan to send a McDonnell Douglas F-15, America's hottest jet fighter, into a computer-guided supersonic climb to about 80,000 feet and then blast Skylab out of the sky with a non-nuclear rocket. This idea was dropped when the scientists concluded that Skylab would merely be blown into more pieces scattered over a wider area, increasing rather than reducing the danger of damage on earth.

While most Americans neither mourned nor feared Skylab's menacing death, some saw it yet another in a series of examples of technology outracing man's means of control. A sequence of human and mechanical failures never envisioned by its builders had nearly caused the meltdown of a nuclear reactor at Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island. The mysterious cracks emerging in engine mountings of the DC-10 jumbo jets had led to the grounding of the fleet and America's most tragic air disaster. Now a giant spacecraft, crippled at birth six years ago, is plunging toward a premature end which its creators have no way to prevent. ■

Nation



Buzz Aldrin confronts Stars and Stripes planted on freshly scuffed lunar surface

Clouds over the Space Program

But Voyager 2 and the shuttle show new signs of life

"Seven hundred and fifty feet, coming down to 23 . . . " Edwin ("Buzz") Aldrin methodically ticked off the readings. "Four hundred feet, down at nine, three forward . . . 75 feet, things looking good . . . Faint shadow . . . drifting to the right a little . . . Contact light. Okay, engine stop." "Houston," called Neil Armstrong. "Tranquility Base here. The Eagle has landed."

It took six hours of preparations before Eagle's hatch was finally opened and Armstrong squeezed through the small opening. Toting the bulky life-support pack that kept him alive on the airless surface of the moon, he cautiously, hesitantly climbed down the ship's ladder. By now a TV camera was monitoring his descent, flashing his image a quarter of a million miles back to earth. There was a moment's pause. Then Armstrong took the final step, planting his left boot on the finely powdered lunar surface. "That's one small step for a man," he said. "one giant leap for mankind."

It seems only yesterday, but the drama of those first extraterrestrial steps is now a decade old. To many people the tenth anniversary of the lunar landing, on July 20, 1969, may be no more than an exercise in nostalgia, a look backward to simpler times when it appeared that the U.S. could solve most of its problems through its vaunted tech-

nology. To others, coming as it does in the midst of Skylab's downfall, it may be something of an embarrassment. By now most of the moon walkers have slipped into oblivion; even Armstrong, boyish no more, was barely recognized when he recently re-emerged on TV screens in automobile commercials.

Yet, for all its problems with reduced budgets and technical mishaps, the space program survives. Indeed, it shows definite signs of increasing its slackened pace. This very week Voyager 2, a brilliantly conceived robot, is streaking past Jupiter, directing its color cameras and multiple instruments at the giant, banded planet and its great moons. Seized by Jovian gravity, Voyager 2 will swing around the planet and then fly off in the cosmic wake of its twin, Voyager 1, for a reconnaissance of Saturn in August 1981.

The era of manned exploration is also about to take a new turn. At Florida's John F. Kennedy Space Center, next to the giant assembly building used for Apollo 11, workers are struggling to prepare *Columbia*, the nation's first operational space shuttle, for launch into earth orbit some time next year. Though plagued by financial crises and technical problems, the ship should be worth waiting for. The Apollo/Saturn system, towering some 360 ft. on the pad, was discarded or de-

stroyed in each mission. By contrast, the shuttle is designed to make repeated journeys between earth and space.

NASA has no intention of letting Apollo 11's birthday pass unnoticed. In Washington, Armstrong, Aldrin and their stay-in-orbit partner Michael Collins will be reunited for a round of ceremonies, capped by a replay of the original moon walk late at night at the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum. In Texas another old Apollo hand, Christopher Kraft, the director of the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center, will preside at space-day ceremonies; he will open a temporary post office to cancel space-commemorative stamps for philatelists. At the Kennedy Space Center, a giant 5-ft. by 10-ft. birthday cake will be sliced up for visitors.

The hoopla is also taking a playful turn. Clear Lake, Texas, Houston's space suburb, is staging a series of parades, dances, wine tastings and baby contests (with the toddlers dressed in moon suits). At Cape Canaveral, moon biffs hope to form a 26-mile human chain along the beaches. The Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas will be the site of a show-biz bash called "America's Salute to the Astronauts"; any of them who turn up will be promised a flight to San Clemente, Calif., for a poolside lunch with former President Richard Nixon. At Chicago's Adler Planetarium, Apollo 15 Astronaut David Scott will unveil a moon rock, while New York City's Hayden Planetarium and St. Louis' McDonnell Planetarium are staging programs that include everything from learned discussions to loose-limbed disco.

Yet beyond these commemorations, the birthday is largely a non-event. Outside the U.S., hardly anyone is taking note of it, except in some newspaper features here and there and a few broadcasts. The most ambitious: Italian state TV's special that its producers hope will include conversations with the cosmonauts aboard the Soviet Salyut 6 space station and the revelers in Washington, via links set up by the network's correspondents in Moscow and the U.S. capital.

How different it was a decade ago. On the momentous day when Armstrong and Aldrin touched down on the moon, all the world seemed to stand in awe. From Tokyo's Ginza to Piccadilly Circus in London, hordes of people followed the astronauts' progress. "How are they doing?" total strangers asked one another. People prayed for their safety, and countless babies were named Apollo. Millions of people clung to their radios and television sets, and newspapers broke out their largest type. Though beaten in the race to the moon, even the Russians joined in the worldwide chorus of acclaim, wishing the space travelers a safe homecoming. Rhapsodized Poet Archibald MacLeish: *O silver evasion in our farthest thought—the visiting moon . . . the glimpses of the moon . . . and we have touched you!*



Astronaut's lunar footprint

It was a heady time for Americans, and lunar fever seemed epidemic. Pan Am and TWA began accepting reservations for the first commercial flights to the moon; Barron Hilton, the hotel mogul's son, spoke of Hilton hotels in outer space. At Cape Kennedy (as it was then called after the slain President who had started it all), Vice President Spiro Agnew told cheering launch controllers that America's next great step should be a manned mission to Mars. Wernher von Braun, whose giant Saturn boosters had made it all possible, boldly predicted that in 1976 an American President might celebrate the country's Bicentennial aboard an orbiting spacecraft.

Yet even while Project Apollo continued, ultimately carrying twelve men to the moon's surface, the nation's thoughts turned elsewhere. The summer of Apollo

spacecraft (Moscow also sent the first and so far the only woman into space). Recalls Director Bruce Murray of Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory: "We didn't go to the moon for science. National prestige and strategy were the reason."

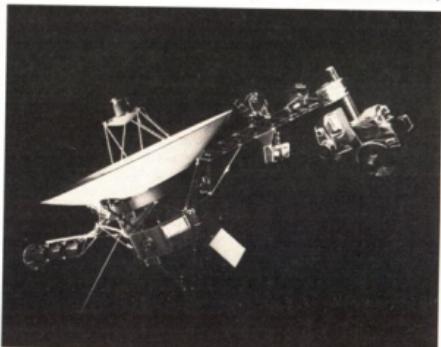
Then, as the first flush of Apollo excitement dwindled, came a public reassessment. NASA was forced to justify its efforts in terms of practical benefits. What good does getting to the moon do us, many Americans asked. For such questioning NASA was quite unprepared. "All of a sudden," says Space Agency Planner Jesco von Puttkamer, "Apollo was subjected to a cost-benefit test. Since it was not designed for that test, it failed."

The new skepticism was contagious. President Nixon, who had called the flight of Apollo 11 "the greatest week since the Creation," suddenly squelched all talk of

space station, where teams of scientists could live for a year or more in almost 2001-style comfort.

Though many projects were slashed or eliminated, space officials busily continued the program of planetary exploration, sending probes on reconnaissance trips inward toward the sun, past Venus and Mercury, and out toward Mars, Jupiter and beyond. Two Pioneer spacecraft even carried golden plaques showing an earth couple, so that if any extraterrestrial beings intercepted the ships, which were ultimately destined to leave the solar system, they would have a clue to the earth's dominant life forms.

Despite Von Braun's prediction, the space agency failed to send a President into orbit for the Bicentennial. But it achieved something almost as spectacular, the landing on Mars in 1976 of two



One of the two unmanned Voyagers sent to reconnoiter Jupiter

"A senseless extravaganza in space," Walter Mondale once said of the shuttle, but it promises great rewards.

It was also the summer of Woodstock and Chappaquiddick and the Manson murders. In the streets, demonstrators marched against the war in Viet Nam. Black anger was still simmering. From his sanctuary in Algeria, Black Panther Leader Eldridge Cleaver called the moon shot "a circus to distract people's minds from the real problems, which are here on the ground." Some intellectuals echoed that charge. In his book *The Moon-Doggle*, Sociologist Amitai Etzioni had charged that "we are using the space race to escape our painful problems on earth."

NASA did not always help itself. Its recruitment policies had created an image that seemed distinctly white, WASPish and Middle American; the trim, blue-eyed Armstrong could have stepped out of a Norman Rockwell painting. (In a sharp reversal since then, the latest group of 35 astronaut candidates includes six women and three blacks.)

In 1961 John F. Kennedy had committed the nation to landing a man on the moon in order to snatch back from the Soviets the glory they had won by sending up the first Sputniks and the first manned

large new space undertakings, like a manned Mars mission. Nor were moon rocks considered enough of a payoff any more, even though they were opening new vistas of understanding about the origins and history of the solar system. The order went out: the space program had to produce direct earthly benefits. At White House instigation, the last three lunar landings, Apollo 18, 19 and 20, were scrubbed. NASA's budget slipped from \$5.25 billion in 1965, when some 400,000 people were working on the space program, to 3 billion inflation-shrunken dollars in 1974. Engineers and technicians were fired in droves. Around Cape Canaveral, whose original name was restored after Project Apollo went into eclipse, FOR SALE signs sprouted like weeds.

Even the space agency's scientific efforts came under fire. To the distress of planetary researchers, NASA abandoned the so-called Grand Tour, a flyby of Jupiter and the planets beyond that was literally a once-in-a-lifetime shot; the outer planets would not again be properly lined up for such a mission for nearly another two centuries. NASA also dropped immediate plans for setting up a permanent



Space shuttle Columbia arriving atop 747 at Kennedy Space Center

life-hunting robots called Viking. (Their message, alas, is that despite the famous "canals" and what seemed like seasonal color variations, the Red Planet appears lifeless.)

Perhaps most important of all in light of the new concern with the earth itself, NASA launched four new environmental satellites dubbed Landsats. Swinging around the globe in north-south orbits that skirt the polar caps, these unmanned observatories keep a periodic watch on different areas of the earth as it spins under the satellites. By comparing photographs of the same region taken at different times, scientists can spot changes in crops, detect pollution, locate new sources of drinking water and perform other valuable kinds of earth watching.

Continuing its program of manned space exploration, NASA also made ingenious use of castoff Apollo hardware to create Skylab. Despite a troubled beginning and now its embarrassing demise, the giant space station represented another great leap. In 1973, three teams of astronauts occupied the station in rapid succession, one remaining aloft for 84 days. That record was not beaten by the Rus-

Nation

sians until 1978. More important, it proved to all doubters—and there were many—that humans could live and work together in space for long periods, conquering both isolation and the physical effects of weightlessness, such as weakening of the muscles, loss of height, reduction in red blood cell production and slowing of the heartbeat. Largely because of diet and exercise, these conditions disappeared soon after the astronauts returned to earth.

For all the competition with the Russians to reach the moon, NASA showed that it could cooperate with them as well. In 1975, in what was a last hurrah for Apollo, the space agency launched a command module emblazoned with the Stars and Stripes to hitch up briefly with a Soviet Soyuz displaying the Hammer and Sickle. This celestial handclasp between old adversaries involved more politicking than space exploration, but it did set an important precedent for future cooperation in the cosmos as well as on earth. Indeed, although the U.S. and the Soviet Union have jostled over many other issues, they have appeared united at international parleys on space.

Like its immediate predecessors, the Carter Administration has been lukewarm to space. Only last year, on the occasion of the space agency's 20th anniversary, it issued a declaration that dampened enthusiasts who think of space in terms of what Princeton's visionary physicist Gerard O'Neill calls the High Frontier, a place

where mankind can establish permanent settlements, using sun power for fuel and mining the moon and the asteroids. Said the White House coldly: "It is neither feasible nor necessary at this time to commit the United States to a high-challenge space engineering initiative comparable to Apollo." Even so, the President has shown considerable interest in the prospects for the space shuttle.

That support comes none too soon. As Aerospace Engineer Jerry Grey explains in his intriguing new insider's history of the space program, *Enterprise*, the shuttle has presented as many political problems as technical ones ever since its conception in the 1960s. Denounced as a "senseless extravaganza in space" by Vice President Walter Mondale while he was still in the Senate, the shuttle created such a furor that NASA was repeatedly forced to compromise its design. In the present version, the orbiter looks much like a bloated DC-9. It will rise vertically off the pad on the back of a large cylindrical tank containing liquid propellants used to power two booster rockets attached to its sides. At an altitude of about 28 miles, the spent rockets will be dropped by parachute into the sea, where they can be recovered and towed back to shore for another launch. But the big tank will be carried almost all the way up, then cut loose. Tumbling end over end, it should burn up in the atmosphere, although a few pieces may plunge into the ocean. Finally the shuttle continues to fire its own engines to ease itself into orbit at elevations of 115 to 690 miles, typically 175 miles.

Circling the earth with as many as seven people aboard, the ship

should be able to do everything from parking and repairing satellites to conducting zero-g experiments and space manufacturing. One early project: the orbiting of a giant remote-controlled telescope. High above the obscuring atmosphere, it will give astronomers sharper views of the heavens than any mirror on earth. Europeans, for their part, are contributing a space lab that will be carried up by the shuttle and act as a scientific workshop.

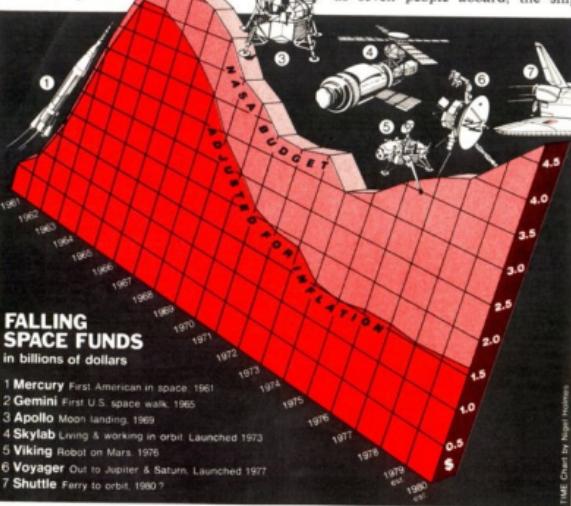
Indeed, NASA is busily renting out payload space. For \$10,000 its salespeople are offering a "Getaway Special," a package for research experiments involving less than 200 lbs. and measuring under 5 cu. ft. Two early takers: Film Makers Steven Spielberg and Michael Phillips (*Close Encounters of the Third Kind*) for a project that they are still keeping secret. Eventually the shuttle may be used for far bolder enterprises: assembling solar power satellites that can collect the sun's rays and beam that concentrated energy down to earth; erecting giant antennas that could revolutionize global communications; and putting together still other spaceships that can carry cargo and people to higher orbits, to the moon or beyond.

The shuttle is also the first NASA spacecraft to have a military role. Though the Pentagon is paying about a sixth of the shuttle's cost, or \$1.5 billion, it is not saying much about its plans. But these are not too hard to figure out. To control the military "high ground" of the future, the shuttle will not only launch satellites but track down others, nudge them up to their and disable them if they present a threat. All of which may explain why the Soviets, who apparently have their own capacity to hunt down and kill satellites, have complained bitterly about the shuttle's military potential.

Yet before *Columbia* or any of the three other orbiters that Rockwell International is building for NASA can undertake such projects, major problems must be overcome. One difficulty: finishing the laborious job of affixing 40,000 or so silica foam tiles to the orbiter's outer skin. These shield it from the blazing temperatures (nearly 3,000° F) that the ship will encounter when it re-enters the atmosphere and glides to a landing at either the Kennedy Space Center or Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. A more serious difficulty: ironing the bugs out of the shuttle's main rocket engine, which has failed to perform up to specifications and blew up at least once during ground testing. NASA Administrator Robert Frosch has told Congress that this obstacle should soon be overcome. If so, the shuttle may fly by next July.

That may be more than a year behind schedule, and certainly much too late for Apollo 11's birthday party. But in contrast to the end of *Skylab*, it should be a fitting follow-up to that memorable first step a decade ago.

Illustration by Alan H. Nourse



The Best Is Yet to Come

No science writer in modern times has done more to capture the excitement and significance of space exploration than British-born Arthur C. Clarke. Author of more than 40 works of fiction and non-fiction (2001: A Space Odyssey, *Rendezvous with Rama*, the prolific futurist has also had the pleasure of seeing some of his imaginative ideas come true, including the establishment of worldwide communications satellites, which he forecast in 1945. Clarke, who is chancellor at the University of Sri Lanka at Moratuwa, last appeared in the pages of *TIME* a decade ago, when man was about to take his first steps on the moon. Here he assesses the future.

When Neil Armstrong stepped out onto the Sea of Tranquility, the science-fiction writers had already been there for 2,000 years. But history is always more imaginative than any prophet. No one had ever dreamed that the first chapter of lunar exploration would end after only a dozen men had walked upon the moon.

Yet it was not the first time that ambition had outrun technology. In the Antarctic summer of 1911-12, ten men reached the South Pole, and five returned. They used only the most primitive of tools and energy sources—snowshoes, dog sleds, their own muscles. Once the pole had been attained, it was abandoned for nearly half a century. And then, in the 1957-58 International Geophysical Year, men came back with all the resources of modern technology. Aircraft and snow cats carried the new explorers swiftly and safely over the frozen hell where Robert Falcon Scott perished with his companions. For 20 years now, summer and winter, men and women have been living at the South Pole.

So it will be with the moon. When we go there again, it will be in vehicles that will make the Saturn 5—for all its staggering complexity and its 150 million horsepower—look like a clumsy, inefficient dinosaur of the early space age. And this time, we will stay.

In 1969 the giant multistage rocket, discarded piecemeal after a single mission, was the only way of doing the job. That the job should be done was a political decision, made by a handful of men. As William Sims Bainbridge pointed out in his 1976 book *The Spaceflight Revolution: a Sociological Study*, space travel is a technological mutation that should not really have arrived until the 21st century. But thanks to the ambition and genius of Wernher von Braun and Sergei Korolev, and their influence upon individuals as disparate as Kennedy and Khrushchev, the moon—like the South Pole—was reached half a century ahead of time.

We have bequeathed the solar system to our children, not our great-grandchildren, and they will be duly thankful. At the very least, this gift will enable them to look back on such transient crises as energy and material shortages with amused incredulity.

For the resources of the universe that is now opening up are, by all human standards, infinite. There are no limits to growth among the stars. Unfortunately, there is a tragic mismatch between our present needs and our capabilities. The quest of space will not arrive soon enough to save millions from leading starved and stunted lives.

Thus it is all the more urgent that we exploit to the utmost the marvelous tools that space technology has already given us. Even now, few Americans realize that the skills, materials and instruments their engineers devised on the road to the moon have paid for themselves many times over, both in hard cash and in human welfare.



Space fantasy: scene from the movie 2001

Never again will hurricanes smite without warning, after building up their strength unnoticed in the open sea. Every storm that moves upon the face of the globe is now watched by meteorological satellites, to which thousands already owe their lives.

Thanks to communications satellites, the "global village" is no longer a figure of speech. Yet the "cosmat" revolution has barely begun. In a few decades it will have solved traffic congestion and rotting cities by making possible a world in which people can live anywhere they please, doing 90% of their business electronically, at the speed of light.

From their perches in orbit, Landsats and Seasats allow us to look at our planet with new eyes, surveying instantaneously all its agricultural, mineral and hydrological resources. And, equally important, monitoring their misuse.

The rockets that launched all these systems will soon be replaced by the space shuttle, which will reduce the cost of reaching orbit to a fraction of today's figures. Though the shuttle is only a modest first step, the story of aviation will repeat itself beyond the atmosphere. Many of you now reading these words will be able to buy a ticket to the moon at a price equivalent to a round-the-world jet flight today.

But the moon is only the offshore island of earth. We now know, thanks to our robot explorers, that the other children of the sun are more fantastic places than we had ever dreamed. The Voyager reconnaissance of Jupiter's giant moons has revealed what is virtually a whole new solar system of baffling complexity.

Man has always found a use for new lands, however hostile. A century before Apollo, Secretary of State William Seward was being castigated for wasting \$7.2 million to buy a worthless, frozen wilderness. Today, most Americans would consider Alaska quite a bargain, at 2¢ an acre.

We will not have to buy the planets from anyone. The main expense will be getting to them. And now there has appeared on the horizon an idea that may ultimately make space transport so cheap that if a million people a day want to commute to the moon, they can do so.

It is nothing less (don't laugh) than a space elevator. First conceived by a Leningrad engineer, Yuri Artsutanov in 1960, it was reinvented by a group of American scientists a decade later. There is no doubt that in theory at least it would work.

Today's cosmates demonstrate how an object can remain poised over a fixed spot on the equator by matching its speed to the turning earth, 22,320 miles below. Now imagine a cable, linking the satellite to the ground. Payloads could be hoisted up it by purely mechanical means, reaching orbit without any use of rocket power. The cost of operations could be reduced to a tiny fraction of today's values.

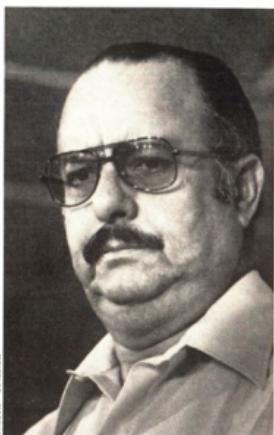
We could not build such a cable today. But materials that could do the job have been produced, though so far only in microscopic quantities—as were the first samples of penicillin, and of plutonium. When anything is needed badly enough, man finds ways of making it.

Ten years ago, it was my privilege to write the epilogue to Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins' own account of their mission, *First on the Moon*. I would like to repeat now the closing words: "It may be that the old astrologers had the truth exactly reversed, when they believed that the stars controlled the destinies of men. The time may come when men control the destinies of stars."

—Arthur C. Clarke



Sandinista guerrillas behind barricades during battle for control of Esteli



Somoza in Managua

World

NICARAGUA

Somoza on the Brink

As the dictator readies his exit, he leaves behind a ruined land

The question no longer began with an if or a maybe. Last week even his top advisers were asking themselves not whether but on what day President General Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza Debayle would step down; rumor swirled throughout war-torn Nicaragua that his leave-taking was hardly hours away. Finally, Somoza himself spoke. "I am like a tied donkey fighting with a tiger," he said in a subdued voice at week's end, referring to his war with the Sandinista National Liberation Front (F.S.L.N.). "Even if I win militarily, I have no future." He thus went ahead and placed his own future with the U.S., allowing Washington to decide the best time for his departure. Indeed, Somoza had already abandoned the ultimate demand that had kept him in Managua for the past two weeks: he no longer required assurances that members of his 12,000-strong national guard would not suffer reprisals once he was gone. He admitted, sadly, that he was "in no position now to impose anything. I am not negotiating."

The bully dictator actually had begun the week like a tiger, directing the battle against the Sandinistas from his concrete bunker in the country's ravaged capital of Managua. In effect, he was trying to buy bargaining time with firepower, but without much success. Early in the week, guerrilla forces added the strategic highway town of Sebaco to their growing list of occupied places. They also de-

stroyed the last national guard garrison in Matagalpa and closed in on Chinandega, one of two major cities in northern Nicaragua not controlled by the rebels. In a desperate attempt to break the Sandinista noose that was tightening around Managua, Somoza launched a major attack against Masaya, 20 miles south of the capital; the government offensive included heavy bombing and strafing as well as the deployment of hundreds of troops from the capital.

Farther to the south, rebel forces nearly captured the town of Rivas before So-

moza ordered an additional 300 troops airlifted in from Managua. Rivas, only 22 miles from the Costa Rican border, is of particular importance to the Sandinistas since they favor it as their provisional capital. If they succeeded in seizing the city, 1,000 government troops would be trapped between Rivas and the Costa Rican border, where an equally large contingent of guerrillas is entrenched. At week's end the Sandinistas had also captured the city of Jinotepa, and were battling for control of Esteli and Granada.

Meanwhile, the Carter Administration continued its scramble to devise a political solution that would be acceptable to both Somoza and the Sandinista-sponsored Junta of the Government of National Reconstruction. Washington's major worry about the junta, which set up temporary headquarters in a bungalow in San José, Costa Rica, is that two of its five members are leftists who may want to establish a Cuban-style Marxist regime in Managua. Hoping to ensure a more broad-based, and thus more democratic, future government for Nicaragua, Washington two weeks ago sent its new ambassador, Lawrence Pezzullo, to Managua and a veteran diplomat, William G. Bowdler, to San José with a proposal: Somoza would resign and be replaced by an interim government composed mostly of moderates but including some Sandinistas as well as pro-Somoza conservatives. That plan was rejected by the rebel



leaders, partly on the ground that moderate political groups already support the junta and partly because they resented Washington's interference in what they viewed as strictly a Nicaraguan matter.

The Administration last week offered yet another plan, and also changed its tactics. Still hoping to balance better the five-member junta, Washington dispatched Assistant Secretary of State Viron Vaky to Venezuela, a country that would welcome the downfall of Somoza. Officials in Caracas compiled a list for Vaky of five respected Nicaraguans.

They were General Julio Gutiérrez, 65, a national guard officer now serving as military attaché at his country's embassy in Japan; Dr. Emilio Alvarez Montalván, 57, a Conservative Party politician and ophthalmologist; Jaime Chamorro Cardenal, 46, an engineer, and brother of the late anti-Somoza newspaper editor Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, whose widow is already a member of the junta; Mariano Fiallos Oyanguren, 45, rector of the University of Nicaragua; and Ernesto Fernández Holmann, 38, a banker and economist. The names were intended for San José, where junta members would be asked to add as many as four of the people to the provisional government; meanwhile Vaky, hoping to build support for the proposal among other Latin American nations, visited Colombia and the Dominican Republic to persuade them to recommend the plan to the junta. "We're willing to talk about expanding the junta," said Sergio Ramírez Mercado, one of its five members, "but this should be done directly between Nicaraguans."

In trying to forge a compromise between Somoza and the junta, State Department negotiators found themselves watched closely by the dictator's congressional supporters, in one case literally. Two weeks ago, when Ambassador Pezzullo called upon Somoza to press for his resignation, the diplomat was surprised



Bodies of slain guardsmen lie near cathedral in the town of Esteli

Trying to buy bargaining time with firepower, but without much success.

to meet New York Democrat John M. Murphy in the bunker office. Murphy, who first befriended the Nicaraguan 40 years ago when they were classmates at a Long Island military academy, is the dictator's staunchest supporter in the House. Murphy went to Managua at his friend's request and attended the meeting between Pezzullo and Somoza. "The issue isn't Somoza," he told *TIME* last week, "but Nicaragua and the security interests of the U.S. This Sandinista uprising is a Cuban, Venezuelan, Panamanian, Costa Rican operation. It's another Viet Nam, and it's in this hemisphere."

Whatever the composition of a post-Somoza government, it will inherit a ravaged country. Nicaragua today is a wasteland plagued by food shortages and looting, and only time and hundreds of millions of dollars will revive it. The coun-

try's major industries, located primarily on an eight-mile stretch of the Pan American Highway near the capital, have been destroyed by the government bombings directed against the guerrillas who were camped there two weeks ago. More serious is the destruction of Nicaragua's crops: agriculture normally provides 80% of the country's foreign exchange. This year's harvest of the country's leading farm export, cotton, has been all but lost, and planting for next year's crop has been curtailed by the fighting. The picking of coffee beans, Nicaragua's second largest export, has also suffered.

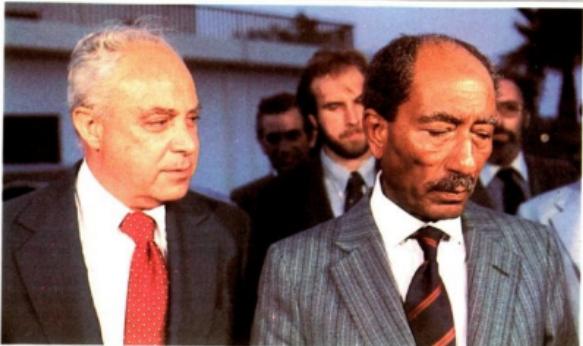
The human toll makes the civil war even more tragic: Red Cross sources estimated that deaths could run as many as 15,000; there are about 600,000 homeless, living in overcrowded refugee centers in cities or camping out in the countryside. If a Nicaraguan can afford the airfare, he is likely to leave the country, if only to find work elsewhere. Thousands of wealthy Nicaraguans have been filtering into the U.S. on tourist visas. Many of them are living in Florida. An informal meeting of the board of one of Nicaragua's largest corporations was held in Miami. Most say they are only waiting out their country's crisis and plan to return to Nicaragua when the country is calm again and run by a democratic government.

That will not be for a while. Junta Member Ramírez estimates that the provisional government will stay in power for two to five years, "the time it takes to establish the basis of a genuine democratic development in Nicaragua." Most of the junta's other prescriptions for the country are vague, save for one pledge repeated over and over by rebel leaders: the lands and holdings of the Somoza family in Nicaragua, estimated at up to \$500 million, will be confiscated and administered by the new government. ■



Junta Member Moisés Hassan with bodyguards at his temporary headquarters in Masaya
"We're willing to expand, but this should be done directly between Nicaraguans."

World



Robert Strauss and Egyptian President Sadat at a press conference in Alexandria

MIDDLE EAST

Good Start for "Ambassador Bob"

Texas slang and an abrasive style produce a breakthrough

We're just a couple of Jewish diplomats," said Robert Strauss to Henry Kissinger when they met on the veranda of Jerusalem's King David Hotel last week. Strauss was in town on the first official stop of an eight-day tour of the Middle East as President Carter's superambassador to the Palestinian-autonomy talks. The former Secretary of State apparently was in Jerusalem on private business—even though his journey was embellished with nearly all the trappings of a state occasion (see box). In fact, Kissinger was quite apologetic about the coincidence of the trips. Said he: "It is my fate to wait for months to return in order to avoid complications, and with my enviable sense of timing to arrive at the same time as my old friend Strauss." The old master of shuttle diplomacy also had ready praise for the novice. "You're the right man for the job," he told Strauss, "and you're doing beautifully."

At that moment the President's new envoy had spent less than 48 hours in the turbulent Middle East. Aware of the pitfalls that face even the most seasoned diplomats, Strauss told reporters aboard his Air Force jet: "I'm used to conducting business in Washington where I know every inch of the ground. Now I'm going into the Middle East where the sensitivities are tenfold."

Nowhere are those sensitivities more acute at present than in Israel. Once again, the "special relationship" between Washington and Jerusalem is in some trouble. The U.S. has strongly deplored Israeli air and artillery attacks against Palestinian guerrilla positions in Lebanon, not only because of the loss of civilian lives, but also for fear that the raids could lead to war with Syria. Last week an Israeli army force crossed into Lebanon for

the first time since May, killing two guerrillas. The U.S. regards Jewish settlements in the occupied territories of the Gaza Strip and the West Bank as illegal and not conducive to peace. It particularly objects to a new settlement at Elon Moreh near Nablus, which is being built partially on confiscated Arab-owned land. Finally, the U.S. tends to agree with Egypt that the issue of Palestinian autonomy must be broadly defined, even if it runs the risk of leading to what Israel fears most, an independent Palestinian state.

One of Strauss's first official duties in Israel was to spell out Washington's concerns in a talk with members of the Knesset Defense and Foreign Affairs Committee. He pointed out that the minority of Americans sympathetic to the Arab view-

point would greatly increase if the worsening fuel situation in the U.S. should ultimately be blamed on Jerusalem's obstinacy over the Palestinian problem. The message was not lost on Knesset members. Israeli politicians are already disturbed by signs that many American Jews have serious reservations about any settlements on the West Bank that are not vital to Israel's security.

Strauss looked forward to the prospect of a head-to-head session with Premier Menachem Begin: they had met only perfunctorily before. After the first meeting in Begin's office, Strauss's aides said that the two men had got along "extremely well." But there was little doubt as to which of the two was in control. As cameras flashed before their serious talks got under way, Strauss handed Begin a letter from Carter and started to spin a yarn about how his "Grossmama" would slowly pore over a letter while others watched. Begin cut him off in mid-sentence, asking, "I sent you a very important letter last week. Did you receive it?" Strauss had, it turned out, but score one for the Premier.

In a move that seemed designed to improve the atmosphere for Strauss's visit, Israel made two significant gestures that affected the West Bank. The first was the reopening of Bir Zeit College near Ramallah, which was closed last May because of student demonstrations in favor of the Palestine Liberation Organization. The other was the shelving of plans to put Nablus residents, including its mayor, on trial for taking part in antisettlement protests. In an effort to convince Strauss that the settlements are essential to Israel's security, Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon took the ambassador and his wife Helen on a helicopter tour of the West Bank. Strauss listened patiently to the arguments of Sharon and Interior Minister Yosef Burg, who heads Israel's negotiating team at the autonomy talks, but was



The American envoy, with Wife Helen and Israel's Sharon during his tour of the West Bank
Would the settlements compensate for a slowing down of the peace process?

AP/WIDEWORLD

not convinced. Said Strauss later: "Even if the settlements are a security factor, would that compensate for what Israel loses in slowing down the peace process and starting its case to the world? Is it really worth the price? I do not believe so."

After his aerial inspection of the West Bank, a weary Strauss flew to Alexandria, where he met Egypt's Anwar Sadat on the manicured lawn of the President's beach-front villa at Mamura. Sadat appeared solemn and strained before their hour-long talk. But when the two later greeted newsmen, a more relaxed Sadat referred to Strauss as "Ambassador Bob." Sadat said that following his meeting this week with Begin in Alexandria, he would immediately consult with Carter and Strauss on how "to keep the momentum going in the peace process." He warned that unless there was tangible progress in the autonomy talks before October, the sixth anniversary of the 1973 Arab-Israeli war, the peace process could begin to unravel.

Strauss spent the next two days trying to invigorate the autonomy talks; three

previous meetings of the Israeli and Egyptian negotiating teams had bogged down in fruitless haggling over the agenda. At his first session with the delegations, Strauss urged the two sides to stick to substantive issues, and abruptly cut off digression. He later confessed: "They probably found me somewhat abrasive, pressing them harder than they liked. My style has a bit of impatience to it, and it's not totally uncalculated."

The pressure tactics seemed to help. The delegations agreed to establish two working groups that would iron out "terms of reference" for two key subjects pertaining to Palestinian autonomy: the "modalities of elections" and the "powers and responsibilities" of the self-governing authority. Other working groups will be established as the need arises. With typical Texan flamboyance, Strauss said: "The agreement was not a compromise but rather something with which everybody could go home a winner." He also described the agreement as a "break-

through." In fact, the working-groups idea had been developed largely in advance, and required only top-level approval. Still, everyone was willing to allow the new envoy his moment of triumph. Both Israel's Burg and Egypt's Premier Mustafa Khafif were pleased by their first experience with Strauss's unorthodox approach. Cairo had another reason to be pleased. The Defense Department announced last week that it intended to sell 35 F-4E Phantom jets to Egypt for \$594 million. But a second plane deal, involving the sale of 50 less sophisticated F-5E jet fighters, was delayed when Saudi Arabia failed to come through with expected cash.

But there are a few nuances Strauss has to learn about the Middle East. When he said farewell to Sadat, the ambassador impulsively kissed the President's wife Jeannine on the cheek. It is unthinkable in the Muslim world for someone to touch another man's wife, however innocently. Sadat hastily motioned to his press secretary to make sure that no pictures of the incident were released. ■

More Travels with Henry

Though Henry Kissinger's diplomatic passport (No. X 104601) carries the entry "A Former Secretary of State," his hosts last week treated him as if he still held that office. Anwar Sadat sent him from Cairo to Tel Aviv in an official Mysteré jet; King Hussein of Jordan dispatched a helicopter to carry him from the Allenby Bridge to Amman; the Saudis sent a Gulfstream II executive jet (with closed-circuit TV) to fly Kissinger, his wife Nancy and his son David, 17, to Riyadh. "What we're doing for Henry," said one Egyptian official, "we normally do only for Presidents and Prime Ministers."

Clearly, Kissinger relished the attention. "It's nice to be involved without carrying the responsibilities," he told TIME Correspondent Bruce van Voorst, who traveled with him. "It's a marvelous experience to be a freelancer." Kissinger insisted that he had come to the Middle East only "to get an honorary degree and see some old friends," adding with as much of a straight face as he could muster, "if some of my old friends ask me for my opinion, I will share it with them. I've always been interested in foreign policy."

The former Secretary of State made some foreign policy news, although it did not involve the Middle East. In an interview that the *Washington Post* published during his trip, Kissinger blasted the Administration's Rhodesia policy for favoring Black African radicals rather than moderates, thus contributing to Soviet and Cuban expansionism. Privately, State Department officials complained that Kissinger was not well versed in current U.S. policy and that his views would bring about the very increase in Soviet influence he feared most.

Much of the trip for Kissinger was an exercise in nostalgia. When he dined

with Anwar Sadat on the lawn of the Mamura guesthouse in Alexandria, the table was set up on the spot where they initialed the second Sinai disengagement agreement in late summer 1975. Said an obviously moved Kissinger: "We sat in the same positions. I was almost overcome with memories. One thing I did in public life which made a difference was to work with Sadat."

In Israel, he was a star attraction, drawing enthusiastic crowds wherever he went. "Are you running for the Senate or the Knesset?" asked Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres. Answered Henry: "Well, those are the only two I qualify for." Besides receiving a doctorate in philosophy from Hebrew University, Kissinger met with Premier Begin and visited the grave of Golda Meir. "She was an incredible personality," he recalled. "I remember once we worked through to 5 a.m., and Golda dismissed us with the comment 'You young people better get to bed. I've got work to do.'"

In Jordan and Saudi Arabia Kissinger spent hours in earnest conversation with King Hussein and Crown Prince Fahd. He described Hussein as being in "a tough spot. I don't discount the possibility he might be more receptive to joining the autonomy talks, providing he had some idea where they were heading." Later, after seeing Fahd, Kissinger said: "I don't think we are necessarily on a downward escalation of relations with the Saudis. However important a settlement of the Palestinian and Jerusalem issues are for them, they also realize they have a wide range of interests at stake." He was asked if the Saudis were impressed with Defense Department proposals for U.S. "quick action" forces that could be rushed to the Middle East in a crisis. His answer: "No. And neither am I until they come into existence."

Then, still basking in the glow of their reception, Kissinger and Nancy boarded a plane to shuttle off for London and Morocco.



The Kissingers, with Justice Minister Shmuel Tamir, upon their arrival in Israel



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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



The Unknown Ayatollah Khomeini

A portrait of the Islamic mystic at the center of the revolution

Once again, Iran last week appeared to be drifting toward anarchy. The Cabinet of Premier Mehdi Bazargan was on the verge of collapse. Appalled by the overcrowded condition of prisons in Tehran, Attorney General Abolafazl Shahshahani instructed the police not to "arrest or pursue criminals" until further notice—thereby giving the capital's organized criminals free rein. As if to prove the government's impotence, a group of disaffected young Iranians, seeking to leave the country on expired passports, seized 150 hostages at gunpoint and closed down Tehran's international airport for more than 20 hours.

Iran is by now accustomed to fever charts of brinkmanship, and the crisis suddenly dissolved. After being guaranteed safe passage to Syria, the airport skyjackers released their hostages unharmed. Attorney General Shahshahani then rescinded his no-arrest order. And the Bazargan Cabinet, following a conference in Qum with the country's real government, the secret Islamic Revolutionary Council appointed by the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, carried on the affairs of state by announcing the nationalization of all major businesses and industries in Iran.

The Cabinet's pilgrimage was further proof, if any were needed, that the real seat of power in Iran is not in Tehran but at an Islamic academy called the Madressah Faizieh in the holy city of Qum. There the bearded Ayatollah Khomeini, now 79, receives a steady stream of visitors, ranging from government officials to impoverished peasants seeking his blessing and aid. But Khomeini did not really create the Iranian revolution, the revolution created him. That is the conclusion of Senior Correspondent James Bell, who first reported on Iranian politics for TIME in 1951. Traveling widely in Europe and the Middle East, Bell spent nearly two months searching out the all-but-unknown background of the remote, aging mystic who seemingly appeared from nowhere last year to oust the Shah and transform his country into an Islamic republic. Bell's report:

When asked to define the essential character of the Ayatollah Khomeini, a family friend recalls the scene at the drowning of Khomeini's infant daughter in Qum some 35 years ago. Khomeini's wife was tearing her hair in despair. When the friend arrived, the bearded savant was

praying quietly over the body of the youngest of his six children. "I looked into his face and could see no trace of disturbance," says the friend today. "I knew he loved this child very deeply. Yet he showed no emotion, no anger, no excitement." After a while Khomeini said quietly: "God gave me the child, and now

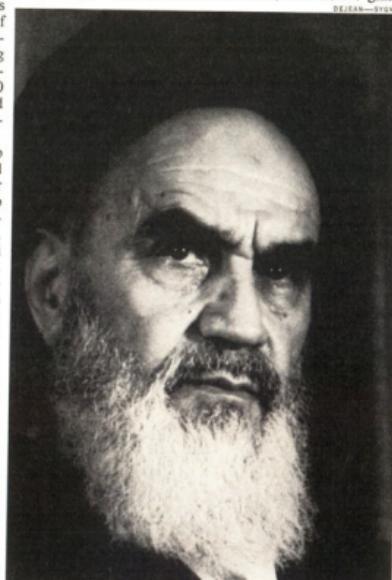
highly emotional man. But an American academic who is an expert on Iran observes, "He is absolutely determined to be serene. He doesn't allow himself even the appearance of rage. Detachment is his predominant characteristic."

Khomeini is a philosopher-theologian, and a brilliant one. He is also a populist who writes political tracts, has an earthy sense of justice and strong opinions about private property, reasonable food prices and the availability of water and electricity. He detests the Pahlavi dynasty and everything the Shahs stood for. He hates foreign influence, especially from the Americans. He is anti-Soviet. He has always advised the Iranian masses to shun Communism. He said earlier this year that he would never collaborate with the Marxists. His view: "We know they would stab us in the back."

He is anti-Israel. He appears to believe the thousands of Iranians killed by the Shah's troops and secret police were in fact victims of the Israelis. He has declared: "The Shah imported the Israelis and dressed them up in Iranian clothes." He is, foremost of all, an Islamic rather than an Iranian nationalist. Says a former politician in Tehran: "In the Islam that Khomeini thinks about, there are no borders. Geography has no role in Islamic nationality."

Many of the details of Khomeini's life are shrouded in mystery or folklore. In large part, this is because he does not seem to know or care very much about his antecedents. His family is believed to have come from Khorasan, which lies in the windswept northeastern part of the country and is the home of Iranian Sufism, a mystical and somewhat unorthodox strain of Shi'ite Islam. His grandfather, Seyyed Ahmad Mousavi, who may have been a Sufi, is known to have lived for a time in India. Eventually, Mousavi returned to Iran and settled in Khomein, a village 180 miles south of Tehran.

His son, Seyyed Mostafa al Mousavi, had six children, the youngest of whom was Ruhollah, which in Farsi means Sign of God. A few months after Ruhollah's birth—for which one plausible date is May 17, 1900—his father was murdered on the road between Khomein and Arak as he set out on a pilgrimage to the Shi'a holy city of Najaf in Iraq. In later years there have been stories circulated that Mostafa's death was somehow caused by Reza Shah, father of the recently exiled



AYATULLAH RUHOLLAH KHOMEINI at a press conference in Tehran

he has taken her back." Then he resumed his prayers. Remembers the friend: "He experienced no grief or turmoil, for he believes God is ever beside him."

Even to the few Iranians who have spent time in his company, Khomeini remains an enigma. He is known as a "practicing mystic." His detachment, some feel, may explain how he is able to order or tolerate the abrupt trials and swift executions of so many people who have, in his words, "done Satan's work." One long-time acquaintance of the Ayatollah speaks of the "rage and anger he feels toward men in authority," possibly stemming from the efforts of the Pahlavi dynasty to curtail the power and prerogatives of the clergy for the past 40 years. Friends insist that in private the Ayatollah has a keen sense of humor and is a

World

Emperor. In fact, Reza was only about 22 years old at the time and did not seize the throne in a coup that ousted the Qajar dynasty until 25 years later. There is a more likely explanation: Mostafa was killed in a fight with another landlord over irrigation water. In a remarkably daring act for a Persian woman of that period, Ruhollah's mother, Hajat Saghati, journeyed to Arak and testified at the trial of her husband's murderer, who was found guilty and executed.

Ruhollah was by all accounts a bright child. He loved to play soccer and has retained an interest in the sport; he occasionally watched soccer matches on TV during his four-month exile in Neauphle-le-Château, outside Paris, in 1978-79. He attended Koranic school in Khomein, and was later sent to Arak to study under a

lah added "Khomeini" to his name. The reasons are unknown, although the word clearly refers to his birthplace. He also took a bride, whose name is usually given as Qesiran, or Khadjeh. It is typical of the confusion concerning Khomeini's life that he is sometimes said to have two wives, but family friends insist he has been married only once. Khomeini has said "One wife is enough," though he did not say whether he meant simply one at a time. In any case, Khomeini is known to have had six children. His wife is younger than the Ayatullah by several years. "I run the inside and he runs the outside, but we always consult," she has said.

About the time of his marriage, Khomeini made the devout Muslim's obligatory pilgrimage to Mecca. On his way back from Islam's holiest city, he visited

struction really began," recalls one former student and colleague, Ayatullah Mohammed Javad Bahonar. "The discussions would go on for hours. He was never pleased unless you could stand up to him. He demanded research and curiosity. He wanted you to ask, to probe, to argue. The two issues he emphasized were the necessity for Islam and Iran to be independent of both Eastern and Western colonialism and the need to get the clergy out of the mold of an academic straitjacket. He said the clergy had a responsibility for humanity not only in Iran but wherever people were hungry and oppressed. In this way Khomeini trained 1,200 religious leaders who are the elite of the country today."

Says Professor Mehdi Haeri, one of this students from this period: "Every weekend, when there were no classes, he used to have a large open class for anyone who wanted to come. He discussed ethics and morals, describing very complicated subjects simply. His secret was that he convinced you he was teaching from the bottom of his heart. You felt the immanence of God; God was ever present with Khomeini."

During the late 1930s, the religious community in Qum came under heavy pressure from the Reza Shah, who had undertaken a campaign to modernize his country, in the manner of Turkey's Mustafa Kemal Atatürk. By 1941, as a result, the number of students at the faizieh had dropped from several thousand to 500. Khomeini urged the new director of the school, the Ayatullah Boroujerdi, to oppose the Shah more openly. When Boroujerdi refused, Khomeini was bitterly disappointed. Thereafter he called in his superior only once a year, as required. Shortly after Reza Shah was deposed by the British and the Soviets in 1941, Khomeini published a polemic attacking the Pahlavi dynasty for its efforts to bring down the clergy. In 1944, he acquired further recognition by being the only cleric who refused to rise when the new Shah came to visit the school.

When Dr. Mohammad Mossadegh came to power as Iran's Premier in 1951, Khomeini welcomed his anticolonialism and his opposition to the Shah, though he considered Mossadegh too secular. Khomeini had much more sympathy for the Ayatullah Abolqasem Kashani, who was then Mossadegh's partner. Kashani later split with him and may even have cooperated with the CIA-backed coup that toppled Mossadegh's government in August 1953 and enabled the Shah to return to his throne. Khomeini still identifies himself with Kashani, whose memory is venerated by Iranian nationalists because of his alleged betrayal of Mossadegh. One link between Kashani and Khomeini is the Fedayan Islam, a group of fanatical muslim nationalists who opposed the secular government.

abble with a group of Sunni Muslims in a Damascus mosque. In keeping with his Shi'a tradition, Khomeini had placed a handful of earth on his prayer rug, and was preparing to put his forehead upon it. Sunnis angrily objected to this practice. Khomeini deftly answered that it was wrong to place one's forehead directly on the ground, that one should be more humble than that. He was let go.

Back in Qum, Khomeini remained something of a theological maverick. At the Madressah Faizieh, he lectured on the need for Islamic mullahs to involve themselves in politics, as the prophet had done. Khomeini also taught a course in ethics that was, in reality, a discussion of political science from an Islamic viewpoint. Despite his unorthodox ways, or perhaps because of them, he became increasingly popular with students.

'As soon as classes were over, the in-



Khomeini delivering the 1962 anti-Shah speech that led to his expulsion.

"My heart is ready for the bayonet of your troops. I shall never keep quiet."

well-known Islamic scholar, Abdul Karim Haeri. In 1920, when Haeri moved to Qum and established the famed Madressah Faizieh, a center of Islamic learning, Ruhollah went with him. Except for his years in exile, Khomeini has lived and taught there ever since.

It was during these years that Ruhollah embraced mysticism, studying Irfan, which is the conceptual foundation of mysticism, and a kind of Islamic existentialism taught by the scholar Mohsin Faiz. He also became fascinated with Aristotle and Plato, whose Republic provided the model for Khomeini's concept of the Islamic republic, with the philosopher-king replaced by the Islamic theologian. He wrote lyric poetry under the pseudonym "Hindi"—fact that SAVAK, the Shah's secret police, later used to insist that he was Indian rather than Iranian by birth.

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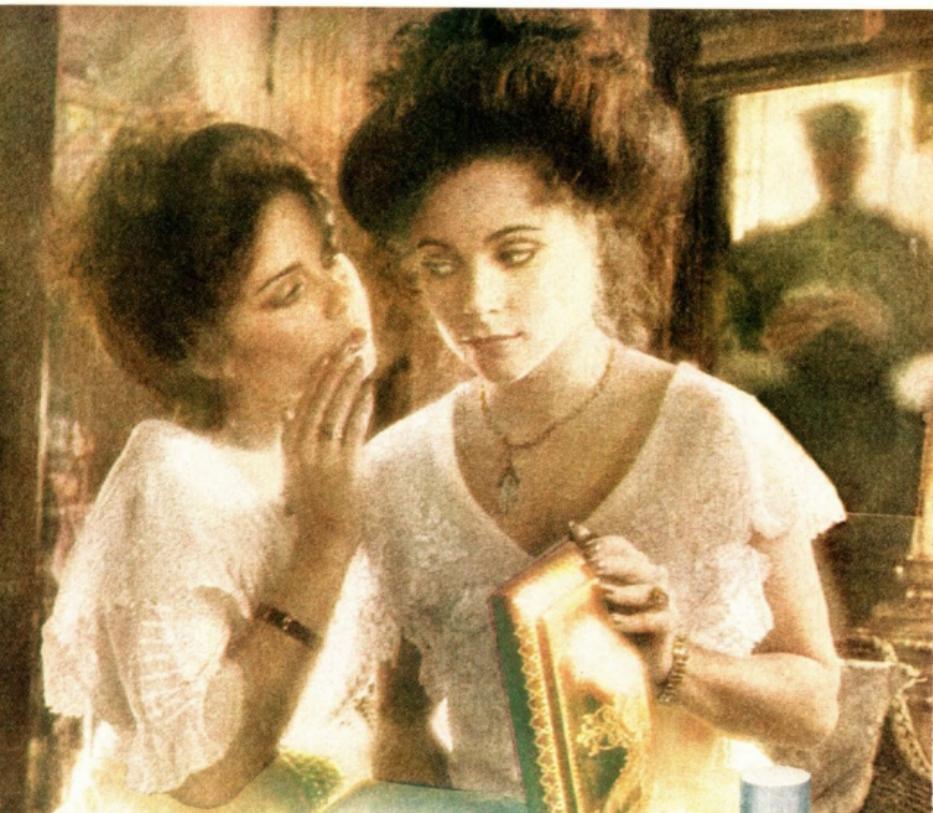
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World

of the Shah, Khomeini's curious blend of mysticism and activism still made him slightly suspect in the eyes of the Islamic Establishment—as a holy man who tried to run around with the Mob, one might say—but his following was growing steadily. In the late 1950s he became an Ayatullah, a title that is earned, more or less, by developing a following and gradually gaining the recognition of one's superiors. Khomeini's first significant political victory came in November 1962, after the Shah's government decided that a witness in court could henceforth swear by the "divine book" rather than the Koran. The new Ayatullah led the clergy in a general strike, and the government backed down.

Khomeini confronted the government again a few months later after it had confiscated the property of a family that contributed much of its income to the religious institutions of Qum. The Shah's police attacked the Madressah Faizieh, killing as many as 18 young mullahs, and Khomeini fired off angry telegrams of protest to the Shah. At this point, for the first time since the days of Mosadegh, university students in Tehran came to the support of the clergy against the Shah. Khomeini wrote to then Premier Asadollah Alam: "My heart is ready for the bayonet of your troops. I shall never keep quiet." By the spring of 1963, Khomeini was preaching to crowds of 100,000 in Qum, telling them that only "a flick of the finger" was necessary to sweep the Shah away.

The Shah was greatly annoyed. Khomeini's home was raided, and he was placed under house arrest. After his release a few months later, Khomeini protested even more loudly as the Iranian parliament considered a bill that would allow members of the U.S. armed forces in Iran to be tried in their own military courts. Khomeini was arrested again; this time he was held for half a year. Upon his second release, he was brought before Premier Hassan Mansur, who tried to convince Khomeini that he should apologize and drop his opposition to the government. Khomeini refused. In fury, Mansur slapped Khomeini's face. The Ayatullah did not blink. Two weeks later, Hassan Mansur was assassinated on his way to parliament. Four members of the Fedayi Islam were later executed for the murder.

In the spring of 1964, Khomeini was exiled to Turkey, from where he soon moved to the Shi'i holy city of Najaf, in Iraq. He remained there for nearly 15 years, lecturing in a Muslim academy and writing a treatise on his concept of the Islamic republic. His supporters in Iran and Pakistan sent him more than \$100,000 a year, most of which he distributed quietly to students and the needy. He regularly sent back to colleagues in Iran

taped messages that were reproduced and distributed to mosques throughout the country. One particularly fiery sermon attacked the Shah's October 1971 grandiose celebration of the 2,500th anniversary of the Persian monarchy. (The estimated cost: \$11 million.) Khomeini denounced the "imperial feast" and urged the clergy to rise up against this "counterpart of Attila the bloody."

In May 1977 a distinguished Islamic teacher from Mashad, Dr. Ali Shariati,

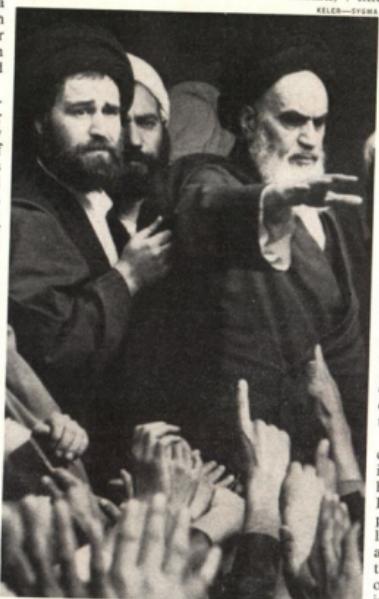
the Shah. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the letter were distributed in Iran. As a Tehran University professor put it: "We were struggling against autocracy, for democracy, by means of Xerocracy."

The Shah's government then made three mistakes, the effect of which was to give Khomeini even greater prominence. First, it tried to discredit him with implausible charges, such as contending that Khomeini was an Iraqi spy. Secondly, in mid-1977 it asked Iraq to expel Khomeini, and Baghdad complied. The U.S., among other countries, refused to take him in, lest such an act offend the Shah. Since he was permitted automatic entry if he had a valid passport, he decided to go to France, whose government took the precaution of asking the Shah whether he had any objections. The third mistake was the Shah's answer to France: he did not care what happened to Khomeini. For the first time, the world press had easy access to him, and he it.

Events in Iran now moved even more quickly than the Ayatullah himself could have expected. Within four months of his arrival in France, Khomeini was able to make his triumphant return to Iran, where he quickly replaced the post-Shah government with a Cabinet of his own. A month later he was back in his old house in Qum, where he has been ever since, trying to guide his country's unfinished revolution.

When he is not meditating or receiving guests at the Madressah Faizieh, Khomeini lives in his family home at 61 Kuche Yakhchal Ghazi. It is a soiled white, one-story house, perhaps 100 years old, on a narrow lane in the center of Qum. There is a courtyard out front and a pond, and the walls are covered with vines. The only notable piece of furniture inside is a wooden desk that Khomeini has owned for years. The Ayatullah relies heavily on his surviving son Seyyed Ahmed Khomeini, 35, who serves as a sort of chief vizier *cum* major-domo. The Ayatullah walks with a kind of shuffling gait, but otherwise seems in fair health for a man of his years. Still, he is 79; he tires easily and rarely works more than five hours a day.

The Ayatullah, according to many who have seen him lately, seems increasingly out of touch with his own revolution, bewildered by the pace of events. But he will never surrender power easily. On his return to Qum, he told a nationwide radio and television audience: "The remaining one or two years of my life I will devote to you to keep this movement alive." He will surely try to do so, for throughout his life he has rigidly held to his commitments. The real question is whether Iran has not become too secular over the past 50 years to submit for long to the rule of a philosopher-king.



Khomeini with Son Ahmed (left) after his return from exile
An aging leader, who will not surrender power easily.

died mysteriously in London. His students in Tehran assumed that Shariati had been murdered by SAVAK. Six months later, Khomeini's son Mostafa, 49, died suddenly in Najaf a day after he had been visited by two "strangers." Khomeini has never claimed that his son was murdered, but throughout Iran it was widely assumed that SAVAK was responsible. On the occasion of his son's death, the Ayatullah wrote a letter to the Iranian people that is now regarded as the crucial document of the revolution. After denouncing the "absurdities of this incompetent agent [the Shah] and his family of looters," Khomeini declared, "it is the responsibility of the Iranian army and its heads to liberate their country from destruction." Khomeini thus established himself as leader of the revolution by calling upon the armed forces to overthrow

ZIMBABWE RHODESIA

Power or Pageantry?

Muzorewa's new regime raises doubts at home and abroad

Sporting a tribal headdress and wearing a leopard-skin cloak over a rainbow-hued tunic, the Prime Minister of Zimbabwe Rhodesia moved into his official residence two weeks ago. Accompanied by a ululating crowd of followers, Bishop Abel Muzorewa rode in an ox-drawn cart to the stately white mansion—renamed from Independence House to Dzimba (House of Chiefs)—that for 15 years was occupied by Ian Douglas Smith. The scene raised unsettling questions about Muzorewa's month-old multi-racial government: Is it really more than an African show masking the continuation of effective white power? Is there any substance behind the pageantry?

Within Zimbabwe Rhodesia, the answers have not been encouraging. This week Muzorewa embarks on a trip to Washington and London to seek international recognition for his regime. He is unlikely to get it, since he has so far failed to push for badly needed internal reforms for the country's 6 million blacks or to reduce the disproportionate share of power retained by the white minority under the new constitution. And although he offered the "hand of fellowship" to the Patriotic Front upon taking office last month, he seems as determined as Ian Smith ever was to crush the black nationalist guerrillas with military force.

Muzorewa's failure to develop a reform program has diminished support among his black countrymen. Said a disgruntled black in Salisbury last week:

"The bishop is consistently honest in one respect. He hasn't promised anything because he can't deliver anything." The restiveness was reflected in the recent defection from Muzorewa's parliamentary party of seven M.P.s, led by Joseph Chikerema, who are seeking to form a rival bloc. The defections potentially reduce Muzorewa's parliamentary support to a minority of 44 seats in the 100-member assembly, meaning that the bishop's survival may depend on the votes of Smith's Rhodesian Front Party.

Muzorewa's hopes of winning prompt international recognition received a setback last week: sources close to Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher revealed that she has modified her earlier view that Britain should quickly lift economic sanctions against Zimbabwe Rhodesia. During a brief visit to Australia, Thatcher said that she expected the House of Commons would simply not renew the sanctions when they expire in November. She added: "The question of recognition is a slightly wider problem and could take just a little longer."

On her return to England, Whitehall sources say, Thatcher decided against recognizing Muzorewa's regime until the Zimbabwe Rhodesia constitution was amended to an extent that made it internationally acceptable. Specifically, that would include loosening the white grip on power and increased promotion for blacks in the armed forces and civil service, plus the departure of Ian Smith from the political arena. Thatcher's decision was based on a report by her special envoy to Africa, Lord Harlech, that Britain's recognition of Zimbabwe Rhodesia under the present circumstances would not be supported by a single African country—not even South Africa. In insisting on constitutional reform as a prerequisite to recognition, Thatcher was moving closer to the views of the Carter Administration.

Even if he moves to revise the constitution, Muzorewa's chances of survival are problematic. Any such move is certain to meet with strong resistance from Rhodesian whites, who still control the country's economic and military apparatus. Moreover, any constitutional changes will have to win the favor of black African nations, particularly the five so-called frontline states (Angola, Botswana, Mozambique, Tanzania and Zambia). The frontline Presidents told Lord Harlech that they will withhold support for Muzorewa until they are assured that the proposed reforms will be acceptable to the Patriotic Front. Chances of such acceptance are slim, since Guerrilla Leaders Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo are

totally opposed to any negotiated settlement with the bishop's regime.

Another condition for African support, Harlech informed Thatcher, was that Muzorewa must prove himself an independent black leader, not a mere puppet of the white establishment. His chances of doing so were drastically diminished by the June 26 raids on guerrilla bases near the Zambian capital of Lusaka, in which 20 people were killed by helicopter-borne Rhodesian commandos. Approved by Muzorewa, the raids have been widely interpreted by black African leaders as a sign that the bishop was tilting away from them and toward the white power bloc in southern Africa. Under the circumstances, there is a chance that the Organization of African Unity will vote against recognizing Muzorewa's regime at a heads-of-state summit next week.

State Department and CIA analysts in Washington say that it is premature to attempt a serious evaluation of Muzorewa's performance at this point; but they generally reject charges that the bishop is a prisoner of the white majority establishment. British officials are similarly cautious in appraising Muzorewa's programs. Whitehall analysts feel that he has grown in stature since becoming Prime Minister, but fear that he has been severely weakened by the recent parliamentary defections of Chikerema and his followers. Says a senior British official: "The situation in which Muzorewa finds himself would tax the ingenuity and toughness of a Kenyatta, and the bishop is not by any stretch of the imagination a Kenyatta. But stranger things have happened in the world of politics than Muzorewa discovering his manhood."



Muzorewa addressing Salisbury crowd

Unsettling questions about his future.

REUTERS



Rhodesian soldier on patrol

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AND WATCH THE FEELINGS GROW.

International Notes

RULES OF THE ROAD

	SPEED LIMITS		FATALITIES per 100 million miles driven (1977)
	80 miles per hour	Ordinary intercity roads	
W. GERMANY	NONE	62	7.9
ITALY	87	68	6.4
FRANCE	81	56	8.0
HUNGARY	75	62	14.5
BELGIUM	75	56	10.5
PORTUGAL	75	56	22.5
BRITAIN	70	60	4.0
SPAIN	62	62	12.4
DENMARK	62	50	4.8
NETHERLANDS	62	50	6.0
GREECE	62	37	12.9
JAPAN	62	31	4.7
NORWAY	56	50	4.2
TURKEY	56	56	32.2
U.S.	55	55	3.3

*Kilometer speed limits have been converted to miles.

Safe at Any Speed?

In an effort to cut down on gasoline consumption, as well as traffic accidents, European governments are trying anew to enforce the speed limits imposed on the Continent's highways in the wake of the 1973 oil crisis. The response of motorists has been, well, wrathful. In West Germany, strident opposition greeted a modest proposal to place an 81-m.p.h. (130 km) limit on the currently unrestricted superhighways. In Italy, tempestuous public resistance to restrictions ended in a historic compromise involving an 87-m.p.h. limit on autostradas for Maseratis and other high-powered cars, with less powerful vehicles subject to a sliding scale of lower speeds.

Where governments have legislated maximum speeds, enforcement has frequently proved difficult. On expressways in Portugal (75 m.p.h.) and The Netherlands (62 m.p.h.) the new limits have been consistently flouted. Only Norway has been successful in keeping its motorists on a low 56-m.p.h. mark, sometimes by suspending violators' licenses on the spot.

More resistance to speed limits is likely, as researchers examine some surprising consequences of the new slowdowns. Thus far studies have shown that in France and West Germany fewer traffic fatalities occur on high-speed superhighways than on restricted side roads. Moreover, experts now concede that the gas saving realized by speed limits amounts at best to less than 1% of a country's total energy consumption.

Murder Will Out

After seven hours of intense debate, West Germany's Bundestag last week voted, 253 to 228, to abolish the statute of limitation on murder that would have made it impossible for the Federal Republic to prosecute newly uncovered Nazi war killers after Dec. 31. The vote was a triumph for Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and Justice Minister Hans-Jochen Vogel, who had led the parliamentary fight to lift the 30-year time limit. Said Vogel: "After Auschwitz, there can be no statute of limitation for murder in Germany."

Advocates of keeping the statute had argued that most crimes had been detected or dealt with, and that future convictions of Nazi killers would become increasingly difficult because of faulty memories, witnesses' deaths, and lack of evidence. Of the 85,802 people investigated in connection with war crimes since 1945, only 6,440 have been convicted, and only 166 received the maximum sentence of life imprisonment. Opponents of the present law were afraid that some of the several thousand Nazi criminals in hiding abroad might escape justice. There has been international pressure on the Bundestag, particularly from Jews around the world, to abolish the statute of limitation, but television played its part as well. After the U.S. series *Holocaust* was shown on West German TV, a poll showed a striking increase in the number of people approving a change in the law.

Survivor of a Coup

The news was tersely stated on page 3 of Algeria's official government newspaper *El Moudjahid*: "On the occasion of the 17th anniversary of independence, the measures involving Mr. Ben Bella have been lifted." Thus last week ended the 14-year ordeal of Algeria's first President and its most charismatic revolutionary leader, the onetime hero of Third World leftists. Ousted from the presidency in a 1965 coup by his

Defense Minister, Houari Boumedienne, Ahmed ben Bella had been held incommunicado with his wife and two adopted children in a variety of apartments, most recently in a heavily guarded two-room flat in Birouba, ten miles from Algiers. According to his wife Zohra, the 62-year-old Ben Bella emerged from his ordeal retaining "all his revolutionary fervor."

Ben Bella in 1962

Ben Bella's release was further proof that President Bendjedid Chadli intends to relax the oppressive political atmosphere that prevailed during Boumedienne's autocratic 13-year rule. Taking over after Boumedienne's death last December, Chadli has released two jailed comrades of Ben Bella from pre-independence days—Ferhat Abbas and Ben Khedda—as well as eleven political prisoners who had been convicted of trying to overthrow Boumedienne in 1969. Associates of Ben Bella were exultant. Said Bachir Boumaza, his onetime Minister of Labor and Social Affairs, who is in exile in Geneva: "We are now entering a new phase in Algeria's history." Still, Ben Bella was unlikely to try a political comeback. Though he is now free to see visitors at his new home in M'sila, 187 miles from Algiers, his movements are restricted to a limited area around the town.

New Plan, Old Problem

Drawing back from last year's ambitious plans for rapid industrialization, Peking's leaders have endorsed a more prudent policy of slow but steady growth, with more stress on consumer goods. Last week the Fifth National People's Congress, China's rubber-stamp parliament, unveiled both the new approach and its key man, Chen Yun. Named a Vice Premier and head of the newly revived State Finance and Economic Commission, Chen, 79, in effect becomes China's principal economic technocrat and a powerful figure in his own right. Chen had been purged from similar posts after he opposed the Great Leap Forward espoused by Chairman Mao Tse-tung in 1958.

One reason for Peking's retreat to more modest goals became clear during the two-week session of the congress, when precise statistics on the Chinese economy were released for the first time since 1959. They showed that the country had a gross national product of \$360 billion in 1978, compared with \$2.107 trillion for the U.S. The average Chinese buys only \$6 worth of goods per month, excluding food. Out of a population of an estimated 960 million, only about 95 million people receive regular wages. For the others, who are paid partly in rice and other grains, Chen's plan to raise living standards has scarcely come a moment too soon.



Vice Premier Chen

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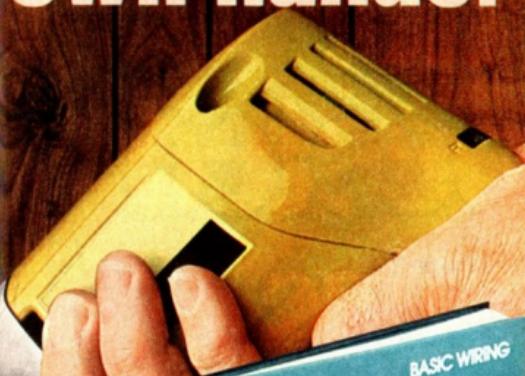
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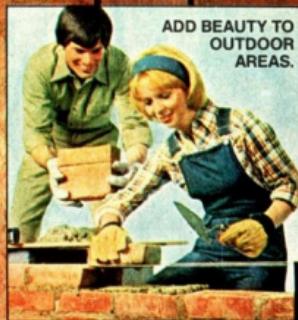
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Menthol 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

Education

Dartmouth's Student Cops

New York's subway police learn un poco de español

A man clutches his chest and falls to the floor, as if from a stroke. Bystanders do nothing as two men swoop down and begin to pick the victim's pockets. From the shadows, three subway cops lunge at the thieves, shouting "No se muevan!" (Spanish for "Don't move!").

Such underground violence is the dread of many urbanites, but this particular example took place last week in rural New Hampshire. The participants were 26 New York City transit police who went to Dartmouth College for 14 days of total immersion in Spanish. Of the city's 2,900 subway police, only 135 speak Spanish—in a city with 2.6 million Hispanics.

The historic lessons were devised by Romance Languages Professor John A. Rassias, 53, an actor turned scholar who pioneered the Dartmouth Intensive Language Model now used to teach languages in 58 U.S. schools. In regular courses for undergraduates, Rassias and his followers frequently teach by play acting, as well as by pats on the head for good students. "The method brings emotions into the classroom," explains the professor. "Unless you feel a new language emotionally, the words won't come out when you need them." For the transit police project, whose \$18,000 cost was paid by private foundations, Rassias based classroom exercises on subway situations: passengers asking for directions, youths jumping across turnstiles, men molesting women. The daily eight-hour sessions were taught by four Spanish-speaking subway policemen who took a four-day crash course in Rassias' method, plus four Dartmouth students. To prevent distractions, the New Yorkers were isolated most of the time at



Romance Languages Professor John Rassias

Brown Hall, but there was still some wide-eyed mixing between students and police.

Said Dartmouth Senior John Rich, 20: "When people found out the police were coming up, they made jokes like 'How can you teach them Spanish when they need to learn English first?' Their visit helped us see them as people." Added Dartmouth Junior Anthony Lotson: "They're very eager to learn."

Indeed, the men voluntarily gave up two weeks of their vacation for the trip to Dartmouth without their wives and children. After 14 days of nonstop classes, plus evenings devoted to Spanish movies, music and Spanish bingo games, some of the New Yorkers found their enthusiasm for sylvan New England dwindling. "I've had enough of rural America," said Officer David Weaver, 36. Added Officer Marino Cesarini, 33: "It's like living in a

plastic bubble up here. They may have only one murder in 100 years."

Still, the policemen applauded their course work, which touched on *barrio* savvy as well as verbal skills. They learned, for example, that it can be a sign of respect, not belligerence or guilt, when a Hispanic youth looks down rather than directly at a policeman in conversation. Said Officer Cesarini: "Before, when they'd come up to us and ask us something, we'd wonder what they were asking. Now I feel like I can help." Added Student Apprentice Rich: "I thought these policemen would want to learn stuff like 'Halt, put up your hands.' But they're more concerned about their interactions with other people."

As the program came to an end last week, Rassias said his pupils were midway between fluency and total ignorance of the language. Their ability to communicate got higher marks. The officers' Spanish grammar isn't perfect, and their vocabulary totals only some 1,000 words, but as Sergeant Edward Spinola, 39, explains: "I can communicate, where before I was totally lost." That is good enough for Transit Police Chief Sanford Garelik, who said last week that he was looking for funds for more Rassias-style training in languages besides Spanish that have become native to New York City—including Greek, Italian, Russian and Chinese. ■

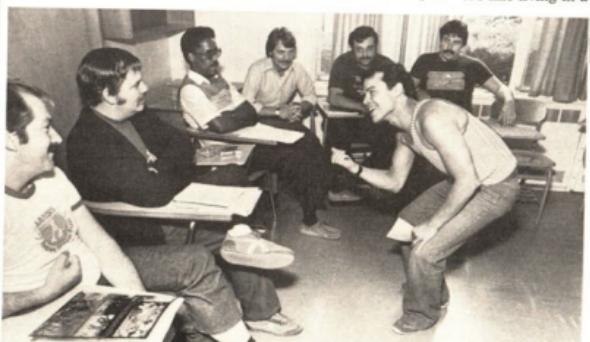
Old Blue Bucks

Yale hits its jackpot

With a sigh of relief, Yale University officials last week proclaimed the triumph of their \$370 million fund-raising campaign, the largest ever undertaken by a U.S. university. Said Yale's president, A. Bartlett Giamatti: "Clearly a tremendous success has been achieved." He might have added: "Finally."

Originally announced in 1974 as a 3½-year drive, the campaign deadline had to be extended, first by one year and then by another six months. Fund raising was hampered by poor coordination of 5,400 volunteer solicitors, and by the mid-campaign departure of Giamatti's predecessor, Kingman Brewster, who joked that his supporters among Old Blues would contribute before he left (to become U.S. ambassador to Britain), while his detractors would contribute after his departure. Something like that may have happened: Campaign Director Lloyd N. Cutler said last week that "a number of people who were standoffish in the beginning warmed up enormously" after listening to Giamatti's persuasive pitch.

Now that their major campaign is over, fund raisers can focus on the university's more routine, annual solicitations. This year's goal: a mere \$50 million. ■



Language drill for transit cops using the Dartmouth Intensive Language Model
"How can you teach them Spanish when they need to learn English first?"

Behavior

The Nose Knows

Language of body odors

Philosopher Gustav Jäger insisted that man's soul lies in his smells. Wilhelm Fließ, a Berlin doctor and friend of Freud's, regarded the nose as the most important sexual organ. Pop Sexologist Alex Comfort predicts sex signals will be found in underarm odors. In *Scent Signals*, Author Janet Hopson says "sexones," or sex odors, guide human sexuality.

Serious scientists have a few hunches of their own about odor power. The late anthropologist Louis Leakey suggested that body odor was a key evolutionary defense mechanism—predators may have attacked early humans only as a last resort because they smelled too bad to be good food. In *Lives of a Cell*, Scientist-Essayist Lewis Thomas says that the Government ought perhaps to set up a National Institute on Human Fragrance.

He may be on the right track. The recent identification of numerous pheromones, or scent signals, in insects and other animals has given odor research new legitimacy. Scientists now know that different organisms use pheromones to gather food, send out sexual cues, mark territory, maintain social pecking orders, sound alarms. Male dogs, for instance, use urine scent to say, in effect: watch out, a tough mutt just passed by.

If animals can send out such unconscious messages, do humans have the same skills? Perhaps, say some researchers. One tantalizing clue comes from "menstrual synchrony," the common phenomenon of women who are close friends, or live together. In 1971 University of Chicago Psychologist Martha McClintock, then at Harvard, tested 135 women and showed that the menstrual cycles of



Blindfolded mom trying to sniff out her baby
Dabbed with Essence of Genevieve.

friends and roommates moved from an average of 8.5 days apart to less than 5 days during a school year.

Psychologist Michael Russell thinks the synchronizing factor is odor. In an experiment at San Francisco State University, Russell relied on a colleague named Genevieve, who had a regular 28-day cycle, did not shave under her arms and never used deodorant. He dabbed what he delicately called "Essence of Genevieve" on the lips of five female volunteers three times a week. After four months, he found that the volunteers converged from an average of 9.3 days apart in their cycles to 3.4 days, and four of the

women synchronized to within one day of Genevieve's cycle. A control group of six dabbed only with alcohol showed no change. Russell is also testing whether mothers and babies can identify one another by smell. Says he: "It looks like there's something of very basic importance occurring via the olfactory sense."

Other researchers are making a connection between sexuality and odor. The University of Colorado's Richard Doty conducted more than 100,000 sniff tests to determine changes in the ability of volunteers to detect a chemical called furalfural, a scent found in cloves and cinnamon. One clear result: women have the greatest ability to detect the odor midway in their menstrual cycle, presumably because of a correlation between estrogen in the body and sensitivity at the nose.

At the Monell Chemical Senses Center in Philadelphia, experimenters have also shown that certain mouth and vaginal odors change regularly during the menstrual cycle. That raises the possibility that odor tests may one day help develop a new contraceptive, an idea supported by the monkey studies of Monell Primatologist Gisela Epple. She found that the dominant male and dominant female in each social group spend much of their time smearing their scent around the cages. Surprisingly, subdominant females do not get pregnant when they mate with the top male. Epple suspects that a scent signal from the dominant female suppresses the fertility of her rivals.

Smell experimenters admit that they have not yet proved much. As Russell points out, there is "no unifying theory on how the nose works and no money for experiments because you couldn't show any utility. But that's changing." If so, Thomas may yet get his fragrance institute. ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Katherine Kim Carter, 22, Billy Carter's eldest, a high school English teacher; and **Mark Fuller**, 24, an aide to Billy, at the Plains, Ga., home of First Mother Miss Lillian. The President congratulated his niece by phone from South Korea.

MARRIED. Eric Sevareid, 66, silver-haired, golden-voiced commentator who retired from the CBS *Evening News* in 1977; and **Suzanne St. Pierre**, 42, a Washington producer for the station's *60 Minutes* program; he for the third time and she for the second; in Worcester, Mass.

DIED. **Conn McCreary**, 58, race-horse trainer and jockey who won the Kentucky Derby aboard *Pensive* in 1944 and *Count Turf* in 1951; of a heart attack; in Ocala, Fla. The 4-ft. 8-in. McCreary won a rep-

utation as a savvy, cool horseman during a 21-year career, and was elected to horse racing's Hall of Fame in 1974.

DIED. **Helen Van Slyke**, 59, businesswoman turned bestselling novelist; after a brief illness; in New York City. Van Slyke headed the fashion section of the *Washington Star* at age 19, eventually becoming a vice president at Helena Rubinstein. Adept at identifying women's tastes, she decided in 1970 to apply her talent to writing. Van Slyke produced eight hugely successful modern romances, including the current blockbuster *A Necessary Woman*, devised, she said, for "blue-haired ladies in the cocktail hour of life."

DIED. **Joseph Borkin**, 67, Washington attorney, economist and author; of a heart attack; in Chevy Chase, Md. A trustbuster

with the U.S. Department of Justice from 1938 to 1946, Borkin also pursued his commitment to social justice with such books as *The Corrupt Judge* (1962) and last year's *The Crime and Punishment of I.G. Farben*, an exposé of the German chemical company that provided Hitler's troops with poison gas.

DIED. **Paul Dessau**, 84, East German composer of operas and incidental music best known for his collaborations with Bertolt Brecht (*Mother Courage*, *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*); in East Berlin. Following a career as a violinist and conductor of the Städtische Oper in Berlin, Dessau fled the Nazis in 1939 for America, where he began writing the dissonant scores that so effectively complemented Brecht's scripts. An old-line Communist, Dessau returned to East Germany after the war.

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The Mess In Mass Transit

Though demand is up, the service is down

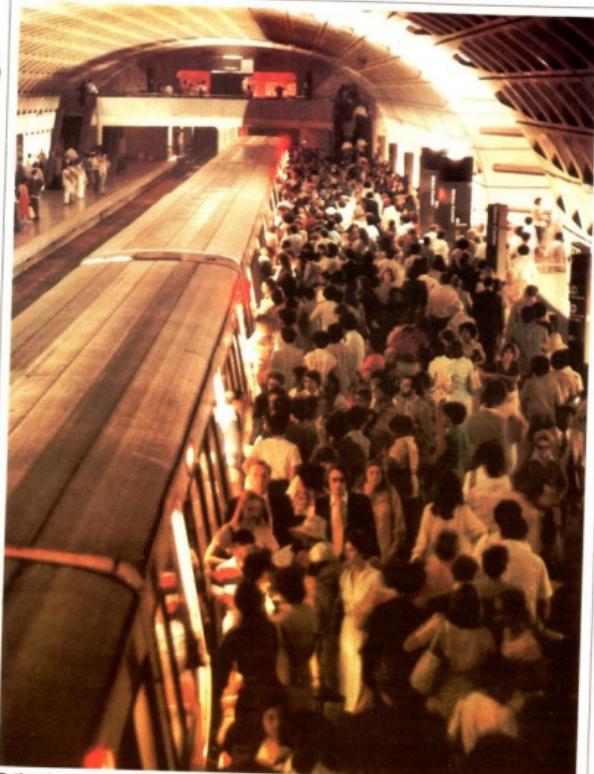
As the gas shortage forces them to rely much less on their large cars, millions of Americans have run smack into a painful reality: unlike all other industrial nations, the U.S. lacks a coherent, efficient and low-cost system of mass transportation.

True, some big, old cities, notably New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, have extensive rapid transit. But almost without exception the equipment is rundown, the subway stations dingy and dangerous and the scheduling haphazard. In most other cities and towns, mass transit is either seriously inadequate or practically nonexistent. Without a car, it is extremely difficult, and sometimes impossible, to get from home to work or to shopping in many cities.

This is a tragic decline for a nation that emerged from the gas-rationing days of World War II with excellent mass transit. Ironically, the U.S. fell victim to post-war prosperity. As the economy began to boom, American life-styles changed dramatically. Instead of living in a city apartment and riding a trolley to work, people wanted a home in the suburbs and an auto, or preferably two. As a consequence, mass transit became caught in a vicious downward spiral: the more riders that were lost, the worse the service became; in turn, bad service drove away additional riders.

Meanwhile, the powerful highway lobby—composed of the automakers, oil companies, construction firms, Teamsters and building unions—exerted its enormous muscle to persuade Government to build more and more roads—until the nation became almost totally dependent on the auto and truck. Until the gas crisis began to hit home three months ago, 90% of all U.S. travel was done in private autos and 75% of all goods were carried in trucks.

The mass transit crisis defies quick solution. One



Rather than struggle with gasoline lines, morning travelers mob the Metro in Washington

reason: a serious shortage of capacity to build new equipment. Of the 16 firms that made big buses four decades ago, only four are left, and of them only two—Grumman Flexible and General Motors—are making city buses. Their combined output is fewer than 3,000 a year. Hence the U.S., which will need at least 36,000 new buses during the next four years, will have to turn to foreign manufacturers.

Pullman, once the proudest name in the U.S. rail car industry, announced in March that it was quitting the passenger field altogether. Only three months later the New York City Transit Authority sued Pullman

for having delivered at least 235 subway cars that had serious structural flaws. Budd now remains the only U.S. maker of rail cars and trolleys. But because of the high price of its equipment, it is being beaten out by foreign competitors. San Diego is buying trolleys for its 16-mile line to the Mexican border, on which construction will begin later this year, from a West German supplier.

U.S. manufacturers have not yet come back to the mass transit market, although there has been a recent surge in passenger demand. During the past two years, while gas prices steadily increased, the nationwide number of travelers using mass transit has risen an average 4.4% a month over the preceding year, to an estimated 27,775,000 a day. In May, as California began taking the brunt of the first gasoline shortfalls, ridership across the U.S. climbed 7.3%. Mass transit experts pre-



dict that the June figures will show an increase "in the double digits," perhaps adding up to a two-month gain of 2 million travelers each day.

In several cities, notably Denver, Seattle and Portland, Ore., mass transit now carries nearly 50% of all commuters. In gas-starved southern Connecticut and Westchester County, the number of passengers elbowing their way onto Conrail's already crowded Manhattan-bound trains has increased sharply.

As a result of the crushloads, mass transit companies are trying to patch up old equipment that should have been junked years ago. Commuter trains on Boston's Woburn-Winchester line are so decrepit that they are not allowed to travel faster than 15 m.p.h. Cleveland is refurbishing 50-year-old trolleys on the Shaker Heights line. Though the maximum efficient life for a bus is twelve years, Los Angeles is repairing some dating back to the early '50s. Kansas City has reactivated 60 rattlertrap buses that it previously had retired. In desperation, Houston is leasing buses from Continental Trailways, and Miami is pressing school buses into service.

The Carter Administration has not been helpful. Instead of seizing on mass transit as a major means of conserving gasoline, Jimmy Carter barely mentioned it in his April 1977 "moral equivalent of war" speech that kicked off his energy program. Last spring Carter finally stated that part of the windfall tax on oil companies should be set aside for mass transit. Yet the Administration still lacks a coherent policy or an effective advocate for it. Secretary of Transportation Brock Adams is a firm supporter, but he lacks the backing of the President and the other Georgians in the White House. After he was forced last spring by Congress to propose drastic cutbacks in Amtrak service at a time when ridership was climbing, Adams lost much of his standing with state and local transportation officials.

Even so, there is considerable federal aid from the Urban Mass Transportation Administration, which was founded in 1964 during Lyndon Johnson's presidency. UMTA provides 80% of the construction funds after states and local communities have raised the first 20%, and this year it will contribute \$3.3 billion to 5,803 transit undertakings.

Unfortunately, squabbling among local communities slows the selection process. Since most rapid transit authorities encompass at least two and sometimes as many as eight city and county governments, new plans tend to become ensnared in local rivalries and prejudices. Virginia Governor John Dalton has just sidetracked a planned 1% sales tax in the state's northern counties that would have helped support



Conrail commuter crowds in Westport, Conn.

the Washington Metro underground-and-elevated rail system. Detroit's plan for a southeastern Michigan transit system is being blocked by opposition from adjoining towns whose leaders say that they must pay more than a fair share of the costs and whose predominantly white residents fear that the system would make their city too easily accessible to Detroit blacks.

Even when community leaders finally agree on what they want, the time needed to build a system is staggering. If an 18-mile subway planned to link downtown Los Angeles with part of the residential



Trailways buses are pressed into service in Houston
Rebuilding to meet a double-digit inflation in ridership.

San Fernando Valley gets federal funding this year, the line is not expected to be completed until 1990. Meanwhile, inflation makes original cost estimates ridiculous. In 1968 the entire 101-mile Washington Metro was planned to cost \$2.5 billion; already \$4 billion has been spent, but it is only one-third completed.

Still, some heartening progress is taking place. Baltimore is digging its first subway, an eight-mile system scheduled to open in late 1982. In April, Buffalo began construction of a 6.5-mile subway and elevated transit system, which is expected to be completed in 1984. Last month Miami broke ground for a 20.5-mile elevated rail system that will run north-south through the city. Late last month Atlanta put into operation the first 6.7-mile segment of MARTA (for Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority). In the next two years, 13.7 miles of the proposed 53-mile subway-and-elevated train network will be completed.

The big worry in Atlanta: What happens next? So far, the city has received more federal cash per capita for transit construction than any other U.S. urban area, but UMTA has not made any substantial commitments for funds after 1981. MARTA's advocates are especially fearful, since the Federal Highway Administration plans to widen the expressways next to one main route of the proposed MARTA line. Unless MARTA can grow into a full-fledged network of interlocking routes, it will end up an uneconomic and inconvenient half measure that should not have been started in the first place.

The nation's two other relatively new subway-and-elevated train systems are having mixed results. Ridership has spurred 15% in the past year on San Francisco-Oakland's seven-year-old BART system (for Bay Area Rapid Transit), but it has been able to handle the crowds efficiently. Washington's newer Metro has coped as best it could but still has too few cars to accommodate the mobs. Even before they leave the first station, trains often have standing room only. Metro also is ridden with bugs: brake defects have forced cars to be withdrawn from service, causing a shortage of rolling stock, and the automatic ticket dispensers at the stations are often out of order.

To deal with the crowds, many cities are improvising. Dallas has started the Hop-a-Bus shuttle. Painted pink and adorned with bunny face and wiggling ears to attract attention, buses cruise downtown Dallas for the low fare of only 10¢; on other Dallas routes, fares are 60¢ to 95¢.

Seattle is working with big employers to tailor its bus routes to pick up more riders. Like many other medium-size communities, Hartford, Conn., is emphasizing a park-and-ride system whereby auto drivers leave their cars at out-

lying lots and take buses into the city. Many of the buses are wide, comfortable models that have the ability to "kneel" as they stop; a mechanism can lower the front end of the bus almost to ground level for easier entry for everyone.

The drive to start or upgrade mass transit has been impeded by continuing uncertainty. Many mayors and city council members remain reluctant to appropriate big sums for fear that riders will return to their autos as soon as gasoline is plentiful again. To a degree, the concern is justified because the increase in mass transit riders tapered off after the 1973-74 gasoline crisis.

Yet the present energy squeeze is more permanent. Gasoline supplies probably will remain erratic, and certainly will remain expensive, as worldwide demand outpaces OPEC production. Thus the creation and improvement of mass transit deserves to be a major U.S. priority.

As the U.S. attempts to remedy the transit situation, there should be a burden sharing between local and federal governments. Local transit authorities should carry the operating costs. But even if they are heavily traveled, transit systems will not pay for themselves. At present, fares meet an average of only 48% of operating expenses. Therefore, communities will have to find ways to raise money in order to keep the systems running. A local tax on businesses might be feasible in some cities, since merchants and employers alike benefit if customers and workers can travel cheaply, comfortably and fairly quickly to store, office or plant. Since operating costs continue to rise, fares may have to go up slightly. However, big increases should be avoided because they scare away passengers.

The gigantic costs of rebuilding a transit system, or in many cases starting from scratch, can at present be carried only by the Federal Government. Washington will spend \$3.3 billion on mass transit this year, but the crunch of '79 has shown that this sum is insufficient to cope with rapidly rising demands. Most transportation experts reckon that at least an extra \$1 billion is needed. If inflation continues to run in double digits, the increase may have to be \$1.5 billion or more.

To underscore its long-term commitment, the Federal Government also might set up a mass transit fund, similar to the highway fund, to finance long-term projects. With that tangible proof that Washington is serious about mass transit, manufacturers would be more willing to make the huge outlays necessary for starting up or expanding production of buses, subway cars and trolleys.

The benefits from a rebirth of mass transit would be great. Daily, the U.S. would save hundreds of thousands of barrels of petroleum. Equally important, the cities would be unclogged, and the environment would be freed from the soot and hoots of millions of autos crawling slowly to destinations that mass transit could reach more speedily and economically. ■



Oil burns in the Bay of Campeche as workers aboard vessels try to contain the damage

Mexico's Accidental Gusher

For the past five weeks, Mexico's Bay of Campeche has presented a harrowing sight to an oil-thirsty world. A relentless flow of uncontrolled crude has been boiling to the surface, then bursting into an inferno. It is casting off a polluting slick that has broken into many splotches and is spreading. John Robinson, the Government oceanographer who heads the U.S. team studying the spill, says that it now reaches over an area 300 miles long and 25 miles wide. Some U.S. marine biologists fear that the spill, pushed by currents, could soon begin to hurt plant and fish life off the Texas coast, though no trace of the slick has yet been found in that area.

The oil is spewing from an exploratory well, about 57 miles off the Yucatán Peninsula, that blew out June 3 when a hot undersea drill hit a volatile pocket of oil and gas. The explosion and ensuing fire all but destroyed the rig. By last week estimates of the total loss ranged from just over 1 million bbl. to as much as 1.5 million bbl. That is much more than the previous record loss caused by the fabled Ekofisk blowout in the Norwegian North Sea in 1977, when an estimated 140,000 bbl. escaped before the well was capped after nine days.

To recover a portion of this spill and contain and dissolve the rest, Pemex, the Mexican State oil company, has put together a small army of 500 workers, 22 boats and twelve aircraft. But chances of halting the flow soon are dim because the undersea gauges and wellhead are blocked by debris from the shattered rig. Pemex is drilling two intercepting relief wells to tap the oil below its escape point and thus stop the leakage. But such a procedure can take at least two months.

On the bright side, the size of the latest blowout implies a major new find by Pemex. Director General Jorge Diaz Serrano estimates that the immediate area contains as much as 800 million bbl. of top-quality lightweight crude and "will considerably increase Mexico's oil reserves." Before this strike, the country's proven reserves of oil and gas stood at the equivalent of 40 billion bbl., well above those of both Venezuela and Nigeria but still far below Saudi Arabia's 160 billion bbl.

Though Mexico is not a member of OPEC, it took a page from the cartel's book last week and lifted its prices from \$17.10 per bbl. to \$22.60.

Even with the spill, estimates are that the Bay of Campeche contains reserves of well over 5 billion bbl., an amount equal to all that the U.S. imports over 20 months. So the company plans to place twelve new rigs in the area this year.



Economy & Business

Chrysler Drives for a Tax Break

No. 3 tries even harder, but can it skinny through?

America's tenth largest industrial company is like an old gas guzzler hurtling along the dangerous edge of a cliff, and in this difficult year the road is trickier than usual. Chrysler Corp., long plagued by uncompetitive products and a lack of cash, is expected to follow its first quarter \$53.8 million loss with a second quarter deficit that could come close to \$200 million. The company may end the year with a loss of more than \$400 million, double last year's \$204.6 million deficit. Chairman John Riccardo has made a dozen trips to Washington since mid-1978 to plead for tax breaks and relief from some federal environmental and safety regulations. His hope is to ease the financial strain enough to skinny through to 1981, when President Lee Iacocca is expected to bring out a series of front-wheel-drive compacts to compete with General Motors' successful X cars. By then, a new plant will also be producing small engines for Chrysler's popular but scarce subcompact Omnis and Horizons.

Last month Riccardo told Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal and White House Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstat that without aid Chrysler would soon cease to be a major force in the U.S. car market. He repeated this two weeks ago to Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long and House Ways and Means Chairman Al Ullman. Riccardo asked for tax relief that would bring an immediate cash refund to the company.

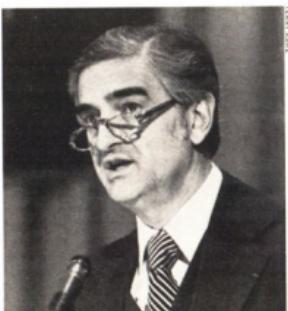
One of his requests was for a unique dispensation from the tax code's complex "loss carry-back and carry-forward" provisions to permit Chrysler's net operating losses to be applied now against future profits. Result: Chrysler would get a refund from the Treasury equal to the amount of taxes it would have paid if it had had profits instead of losses.

Congress might place limitations on the refund, but if Chrysler really loses \$400 million this year, it could collect as much as \$186 million. That is the amount it might have had to pay on a \$400 million profit, assuming the usual 46% corporate tax rate. If Chrysler makes money again, it would not be able to offset those earnings with this year's loss, and the Treasury would start to get its money back from Chrysler's higher taxes. A dispensation from the loss carry-forward provisions stands a fair chance in Congress.

In this bad time for auto sales, Chrysler has been hit harder than its competitors because it tends to market relatively more big cars, vans, trucks and recreational vehicles. The company's unit sales are off 16.9% for the year so far, vs. 5.3% for General Motors and 16.2% for Ford. At its present pace, Chrysler would need

more than 200 days to sell off the substantial inventories of its big New Yorker and St. Regis models. In May Iacocca announced the closing of the second plant in 30 days, the large factory in Hamtramck, Mich.; 2,200 of its workers will be laid off.

The company should scrape through 1979 on cash raised from bank loans, the sale of plants and tax breaks from state governments. The real problem is finding the money to get by in 1980. An ambitious \$7.5 billion, five-year spending program to keep Chrysler competitive and to meet Government emission and safety standards has to be funded, but there is not much left



Riccardo at shareholders' meeting



Unsold Chrysler vehicles outside Detroit

Is a foreign takeover the best alternative?

to sell off or borrow from. Chrysler's debt load is already a hefty \$1.2 billion.

Help might have come from the rumored merger with Volkswagen. There were nervous little jokes in hushed German accents in the corridors of Chrysler's Highland Park headquarters, and a number of executives were discreetly looking into VW's employee benefits. Yet the rumors were apparently unfounded; in fact, the two companies have been discussing only a possible cooperative venture for engine production. Several months ago, Lazard Frères quietly quit as Chrysler's investment banker because the company was unwilling to consider merger with a foreign automaker. Says a top Lazard partner: "I do believe their situation is desperate."

Most auto and stock market analysts expect that Chrysler will be saved. It is a national institution that has dealers in every state and factories in many of them. Chrysler is a name that every Congressman and Senator has to reckon with. Washington could not face the unemployment and the further concentration of the auto industry that a Chrysler failure would produce. Unless Iacocca can deliver the cars Chrysler needs to struggle through on its own, the only long-term solution seems to be a deal with a foreign automaker that could, for very little money, acquire a huge stake in America. ■

Dowversifying

IBM and Merck join the club

To most investors the stock market is the Dow Jones industrial average, that index of 30 stocks whose price fluctuations are a barometer of good and bad times. But complaints are common that the Dow is not really a representative market measure. In hopes of improving it, the *Wall Street Journal*, which selects the stocks that make up the average, has revised it for the first time in 20 years. Result: the Dow now reflects almost 25% of the market value of all 1,566 New York Stock Exchange listings, vs. 19.3% before.

This was accomplished by replacing two of the stodgy performers, Chrysler and Esmark (formerly Swift & Co., the meat packer), with glamorous Merck & Co. and IBM, which is the market's most popular growth stock. Their inclusion reflects the rising importance of technology and drug companies in the economy and stands to make the Dow somewhat more volatile. Both companies' shares have risen substantially in value over the past two decades (Merck has more than tripled, IBM has quintupled), and relatively high-priced stocks usually have sharper swings than do lower-priced ones. Had IBM and Merck replaced Chrysler and Esmark in the Dow at this time last year, the average would have been more than 14 points higher than its 843 close on the last day of the "old" Dow. ■

U.S. Government Report:



Box or menthol: Ten packs of Carlton have less tar than one pack of...

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.	
Kent	12	0.9	Parliament Lights	9	0.6
Kool Milds	14	0.9	Salem Lights	10	0.8
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8	Vantage	11	0.8
Merit	8	0.6	Vantage Menthol	11	0.8
Merit Menthol	8	0.6	Winston Lights	13	0.9

Carlton is lowest. Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box: less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine;
Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Economy & Business

Fabled Lloyd's Takes a Bath

Cleaned out by computers and a honey-tongued Texan

For Lloyd's of London, risk has always meant opportunity. The celebrated market of hundreds of risk-sharing insurance syndicates prides itself on being the first to offer coverage on the new, the colossal, the bizarre. But as technology grows ever more complex, the risks keep rising, and each year the amounts that Lloyd's underwriters pay out on litigious losses, from oil tanker disasters to Mafiaset arson jobs, keep swelling. Yet this year is one that even Lloyd's risk-hardened underwriters are not likely to forget.

First there was the crash in May of the American Airlines DC-10 in Chicago, taking the lives of 275 people in the worst U.S. air disaster. Lloyd's underwriters hold 16.5% of the coverage of that flight, which could cost them many mil-

lion. If the plane is found defective, the product liability claims against the builder, McDonnell Douglas, would be even larger. Lloyd's underwriters carry much of that insurance.

With a promotion by Charles ("Chris") Christopher, now 33, a Dallas sharpie who honed his selling skills peddling encyclopedias and waterbeds in his teens, and then created Surety Industries, a computer leasing firm. The business worked this way: Surety bought computers from manufacturers. It financed the purchases with multimillion-dollar loans from banks, using the computers themselves as collateral. Then Surety leased the computers to corporations or government agencies. Typically, the leasing contract is for sev-

eral years, with the proviso that the customer can break it after three or four years. Before 1974 the banks were unwilling to make loans for more than four years. They feared that giant IBM might roll out new models that would make the leased computers obsolete. Thus the growth of the leasing firms was hindered.

Christopher, suspecting that Lloyd's members might be ready to cut off his coverage in favor of another leasing company, arranged for the electronic bugging of a Manhattan meeting between Nottage and representatives of the Chemical Bank. Unluckily for Christopher, the expert he hired to do the job was an FBI informer. Christopher was indicted in 1976 by a federal grand jury in Manhattan and wound up pleading guilty to illegal electronic eavesdropping. He was fined \$10,000 and put on probation for two years; he closed his company and sold his leasing portfolio to Bank of America.

Early on, when Lloyd's underwriters offered only a limited number of policies,



The "Great Hall" trading floor of the London Insurance Group with bell for tolling disasters

If there are riches in risks, then why do the underwriters face record losses?

en years, with the proviso that the customer can break it after three or four years. Before 1974 the banks were unwilling to make loans for more than four years. They feared that giant IBM might roll out new models that would make the leased computers obsolete. Thus the growth of the leasing firms was hindered.

Eager to expand his business, Christopher met in 1974 with Lloyd's Broker Peter Nottage and persuasively proposed an idea for a computer-leasing policy that the underwriters eventually accepted. Under it, if corporations or government agencies broke a lease after the obligatory noncancellation period, Lloyd's underwriters would pay the leasing company any balance due to the bank on the purchase price of the computer. With this magical policy, Christopher found it easy to persuade banks to lend him the huge sums that he needed to buy computers. The company or agency that

competition for them grew rough. Christopher, suspecting that Lloyd's members might be ready to cut off his coverage in favor of another leasing company, arranged for the electronic bugging of a Manhattan meeting between Nottage and representatives of the Chemical Bank. Unluckily for Christopher, the expert he hired to do the job was an FBI informer. Christopher was indicted in 1976 by a federal grand jury in Manhattan and wound up pleading guilty to illegal electronic eavesdropping. He was fined \$10,000 and put on probation for two years; he closed his company and sold his leasing portfolio to Bank of America.

Last January the unexpected happened: IBM announced its new 4300 series of computers, which are faster and more powerful than anything else on the market—and cost 30% less to lease. Immediately, some firms began switching to the new computers and canceling their leases of other models. Lloyd's underwrit-

Leasing Millionaire Charles Christopher

But the unexpected happened.

lions. If the plane is found defective, the product liability claims against the builder, McDonnell Douglas, would be even larger. Lloyd's underwriters carry much of that insurance.

Yet even these losses would pale beside a far less publicized jolt that the insurance group is suffering. It involves the labyrinthine world of computer leasing, a honey-tongued Texas hustler, the biggest and most prestigious U.S. banks and IBM. As a result of many forces, the Lloyd's insurance group faces the biggest loss in its 291-year history—up to \$225 million, vs. the present record of \$100 million paid to cover damages from Hurricane Betsy in 1965.

The underwriters' latest loss began

Economy & Business

ers stopped issuing their policy, as claims began to flow in from leasing companies. Last month one of them, Federal Leasing Inc. of McLean, Va., filed a \$627 million damage suit against the London insurance group, ITEL, though badly shaken by the new IBM machines, is more patient. Says a spokesman: "There is nothing to indicate that Lloyd's will not pay."

Lloyd's underwriters say they intend to pay all valid claims. The 57 syndicates and the 17 insurance companies involved

all share the loss. This spreading out is a main reason that Lloyd's group can take the risks it does. The underwriters have already paid about \$30 million and set aside \$220 million to cover future claims. The assumption in London is that many firms that use leased computers will not want to switch to better, new machines, because change requires reprogramming, new software, personnel training and other costly extras.

Lloyd's calculating oddsmakers are

rightfully philosophical about their mishap. Says Underwriter Murray Lawrence: "If we didn't have losses we wouldn't be in business." The group draws some satisfaction from the recent strengthening of sterling, now at \$2.22, which means that members will have to lay out fewer pounds to pay off claims in dollars. But that is some solace. As Underwriter Peter Cameron-Webb noted, "I doubt if a broker will ever try to place this policy again at Lloyd's." ■

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

The Managers' Favorite Candidate

John Hanley, chairman of Monsanto Co., remembers his moment of conversion. Last March, at a Citibank board meeting in Manhattan, he heard a Georgetown University political analyst expound on America's deteriorating position in the world. As Hanley recalls, "I went home to St. Louis and sat down alone in my office and listed all the candidates from both parties who could conceivably run. Never mind if we could elect him, but who would have the best chance of changing the situation? It was clear as a bell to me that it was John Connally. I sent him a check and said, 'John, I'm available. I'm available for weddings and bar mitzvahs and what have you.' Since then I've talked to so many people who have enrolled or are getting ready to enroll in John Connally's army."

Candidate Connally already commands a cadre of high U.S. executives, if not quite an army. This is remarkable because these men are cautious, their companies do much business with the incumbent (and sometimes vindictive) Administration, and they are offering support so very early in the campaign.

Says one of them, PepsiCo Chairman Donald Kendall: "Connally's greatest strength is in the Big Business community." Thomas Ellick, a corporate vice president of California's Fluor Corp., who was a special assistant to Governor Ronald Reagan in 1968-71, finds that "I'm just amazed at the breadth of the people who are coming out of the woodwork for John Connally. If anyone is looking for a replacement for John Wayne as the personification of America, this guy is it."

Lewis Foy, chairman of Bethlehem Steel, tells a story that is echoing around the business grapevine: at a New York City dinner for 26 powerful executives, the host asked each man to write down anonymously his own choice for President. All 26 picked Connally. Whether the incident really happened is less important than that business chiefs believe it could have.

Day after day Connally's campaign chairman, Winton ("Red") Blount, the international construction contractor who was Postmaster General under Richard Nixon, adds more chief executives to the list of Big John's supporters. Some of them: General Foods' James Ferguson, Southern Pacific's Benjamin Biaggini, H & R Block's Henry Bloch, Union Oil's Fred Hartley, Citicorp's Walter Wriston, Quaker Oats' Robert Stuart Jr., FMC Corp.'s Robert Malott, Borg-Warner's James F. Beré, Brophy Furniture's Paul Brophy, Textron's Joseph Collinson. Add to them presidents (Boeing Commercial Airplane's E.H. Boulleau, Occidental Petroleum's Joseph Baird) and former chief executives



John Connally

(A T & T's John deButts, Marriott's J. Willard Marriott, Texas Instruments' J. Erik Jonsson, General Foods' C.W. Cook, American Airlines' C.R. Smith).

Plus many more who have not yet come out publicly. The chief of a major New England manufacturing company writes to a friend: "Only one man can save the country, and his is John Connally." The head of a large South-eastern bank remarks: "One guy is rallying all the support in the business community, and he is that tall, wavy-haired fellow from Texas."

Why all the business support? Surely Connally has disabilities. As Nixon's Treasury Secretary, he advocated and enforced the disastrous wage-price controls; but executives contend that businessmen wanted them at the time. He was indicted in the milk-fund scandal; but businessmen accept and repeat Connally's response that he is the only candidate who has been certified innocent by a unanimous jury vote. He is a backslid, turncoat Democrat; so was Reagan, say businessmen, only he switched parties earlier. In short, business people simply want to believe in Connally.

They are drawn to Connally because he is one of their own. Though he has been curiously unprepared before some nonbusiness audiences lately, he looks and talks like a president—of a company, if not of a country. He is the type of powerful, persuasive personality a business chief might like to groom as his own successor. Could anyone envision Jimmy Carter running U.S. Steel?

When asked what they see in Connally, businessmen almost invariably use the word leader. Says Occidental's Baird: "Connally understands business, understands the energy problem, understands the military. He is a strong leader." Roy Ash, the former U.S. budget director who is chairman of Addressograph-Multigraph Corp., puts it this way: "John Connally understands that we must change a lot of our philosophical views on economic matters, that our main need now is increased production rather than increased consumption." Fluor Corp. Chairman J. Robert Fluor is convinced that "he is the only man who on Inauguration Day can walk into the Oval Office and start running the country around."

It is, of course, a long, long time until nomination day, let alone Inauguration Day. Between now and then, everybody will be closely studying John Connally's record and pronouncements. In the meantime, Connally can count on a lot of fund raising by business chiefs, and on their influence with quite a few peers and pols.

Religion



Bishop James S. Rausch conducts a counseling session with an engaged couple in Phoenix

Waiting to Wed

A plan to avert divorce

July 1 is a day to remember for young Roman Catholics in the diocese of Phoenix. Since that date, by order of Bishop James S. Rausch, any couples wishing to marry in the church have been required to give their priest six months advance notice. During the waiting period they must undergo a highly structured course of preparation and counseling, complete with a written "premarital inventory" that tests the conjugal attitudes of the would-be husband and wife.

Rausch's six-month rule may strike some as draconian, but the bishop is no mossaib. He built a reputation as a progressive within the hierarchy during four years as the top staff executive of the U.S. bishops' conference. Since Rausch, 50, arrived in Phoenix two years ago, he has been an activist on such issues as the rights of farm workers and minority hiring, which has drawn him the wrath of the conservative *Arizona Republic*.

The bishop is attacking the marriage problem with characteristic zeal. Catholicism considers marriage to be "indissoluble"; divorce is not recognized and remarriage while the spouse is alive is forbidden. Yet Arizona Catholics' marriages are breaking up at a rate similar to the general population's. Rausch spent two dreary weeks pondering the rolls of failed marriages at the diocesan tribunal. Says he: "I read how these people had suffered, and decided we had to do a better job." He summoned a task force of 25 priests, nuns and laity to develop a plan. He took the task force's subsequent recommendations, including the six-month

wait, to the Priests' Senate, an advisory group elected by all priests in the diocese. Rausch suggested a more flexible waiting period, but the senate voted for the six-month delay.

In the post-Vatican II style, the bishop's policy was developed through consultation, and has popular backing. Rausch was responding to outcries from besieged priests, troubled parents and Roman Catholics active in the influential Marriage Encounter movement.

The Phoenix rationale is straightforward. Marriage is a vocation. "You cannot become a plumber or an electrician in two weeks," remarks the priest who heads the diocesan tribunal. Bishop Rausch believes that lack of mature preparation is the chief cause of trouble. "We need to move our young people beyond romance or physical attraction to the sound foundations of love." It will take hard work, he adds, for Catholics to resist the trend to treat marriage and divorce casually.

The Phoenix premarital inventory contains 143 statements, originally developed by Episcopal priests, that probe attitudes and uncertainties on things like sexual fears, finances, religion, in-laws. Examples: "I sometimes worry about my future husband's (wife's) temper"; "I worry that my husband (wife) is too dependent on his/her parents." A priest or deacon will meet regularly with the couple over the half-year, and may refer them to Catholic Social Services for special counseling. Catholics who marry non-Catholics must also follow the procedure. If a couple refuse to wait and get married by a judge instead, they must undergo the same process before a sacramental marriage. Rausch will insist on the six-month rule even when the woman is pregnant and the couple face social pressure to marry in

haste. He thinks that in these cases it is all the more important to think things through. The six-month policy does not alter the traditional announcement of banns on three successive Sundays before the wedding.

After the plan was announced last January, some parish priests tried it out in advance. One of them reports that of 17 couples, two decided to wait for further counseling and one pair called the wedding off. Other U.S. dioceses are inquiring about the Phoenix plan, and initial opposition among college students has quieted down. Rausch says that his mail is running 10 to 1 in favor. ■

Church Hunter

Finding 1,187 faiths

What in heaven's name are the Church of the Four Leaf Clover, the Church of the Fuller Concept, and the Psychedelic Venus Church? Or the Infinite Way, the Faithists, Pragmatic Mysticism, and Soulcraft Inc.? Answer: just a handful of the U.S. denominations described in an unbelievable compendium called the *Encyclopedia of American Religions* (Consortium Books, \$75).

The standard *Yearbook of American and Canadian Churches* lists only 296 denominations. Lutheran Theologian Arthur C. Piepkorn tracked down 735 North American groups for his *Profiles in Belief* (Harper & Row is up to Volume IV of this posthumous seven-volume work). Now comes J. Gordon Melton's encyclopedia listing 1,187 "primary" denominations in the U.S., which makes him America's champion church hunter.

Melton, 36, has pursued his hobby of spiritual taxonomy for 15 years. He is now a Methodist pastor in Evanston, Ill., and his rambling parsonage houses the Institute for the Study of American Religion. Melton has conducted hundreds of field interviews. During one foray to the offices of the animal-loving Church of All Worlds, his wife Dorothea went into a bathroom only to confront a live boa constrictor curled in the corner and a 4-ft. crocodile in the tub.

The *Encyclopedia* takes a rigorously objective approach, offering no judgments of creed. The work is a unique reference owing to Melton's new material on what he calls the nation's "hidden religions," groups which lie outside the mainstream and are barely visible to outsiders: spiritualists, religious psychics, occultists and assorted "New Age" sects. Melton is convinced that America is as spiritual as it ever was, but that more people are becoming attached to the obscure faiths. Says Melton: "We are probably the most religious people—and the most diverse religious people—on earth." ■

Cinema



Kate Lynch and Bill Murray celebrate a victory for Camp Northstar in *Meatballs*

Animal Bunk

MEATBALLS

Directed by Ivan Reitman

Written by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, Janis Allen and Harold Ramis

One of the happier developments on NBC's *Saturday Night Live* this past season was the unleashing of Bill Murray. A latecomer to the *Not Ready for Prime Time Players*, Murray had broken into the show by serving as an unofficial second banana to the stars, John Belushi, Dan Ackroyd and Gilda Radner. When he finally seized centerstage, he stopped being a straight man and became a five—or maybe frazzled—wire. Murray is a master of comic insincerity. He speaks in italics and tries to raise the put-on into an art form. His routine resembles Steve Martin's, with a crucial difference. Where Martin is slick and cold, Murray is disheveled and vulnerable. One feels that Murray's manic behavior is a cover for some rather touching neuroses.

The worst aspect of *Meatballs* is that it plays against his strengths. His combination of brashness and tenderness would work perfectly in a romantic comedy, something along the lines of *Foul Play*. Instead, Murray has tried to emulate Belushi: *Meatballs* is an *Animal House* rip-off, transplanted from the campus to a summer camp. The film demands that its star be wild and gross—characteristics for which Murray has no great affinity.

It is doubtful whether Belushi himself could have saved *Meatballs*. Directed by *Animal House* Co-Producer Ivan Reitman, the movie is a series of shopworn jokes, executed with no discernible flair. The writers have done little more than round up the usual array of stereotyped characters: a horny fat boy, a be-spectacled nerd, a conceited stud, busty

girls and so on. Once these kids and the head counselors (Murray for the boys and Kate Lynch for the girls) are introduced, the film meanders aimlessly. Half the time, *Meatballs* forgets to exploit the gags that it so laboriously sets up. No sooner do we learn, for instance, that Camp Northstar is in the throes of a power blackout or a parents' day than the film veers off on an unrelated tangent.

Meatballs does at least demonstrate that the success of *Animal House* was no happy accident. That film's manic vitality and boundless raunchiness are painfully absent here. At its best, *Meatballs* rises only to the level of TV's now defunct *Animal House* sitcoms. Through it all, Murray smiles and forges ahead, but his big riffs have been edited down to frantic bursts of mugging. Even worse is the single attempt to capitalize on his personal warmth: an interminable subplot about the friendship between Murray and a shy camper (Chris Makepeace) is so mawkishly presented that it takes on an unintended air of homosexual romance. As Murray himself might put it on *Saturday Night Live*, *Meatballs* is the work of knuckleheads.

—Frank Rich

Doomsday

PROPHECY

Directed by John Frankenheimer
Screenplay by David Seltzer

If this tepid horror movie had been made for peanuts by struggling B-movie makers, it would be easy to forgive and forget. But *Prophecy* is the work of a major director, John Frankenheimer (*The Manchurian Candidate*), working with a major budget (\$8 million) for a major studio (Paramount). *Prophecy* is silly, overproduced and boring: there isn't a single scary moment. When the audience shrieks, it is

only because the characters are too stupid to get out of harm's painfully obvious way.

The first hour is merely one long popcorn break. An idealistic doctor (Robert Foxworth) and his pregnant wife (Talia Shire) move to the Maine woods. Once there they learn, in woefully elaborate detail, that a local paper mill is polluting the streams and driving Indians from their land. In the second hour, the couple belatedly discover that the mill's waste materials have contributed to the growth of a mutant monster that stalks the forest. The creature, which looks like Smokey the Bear with an advanced acne condition, then proceeds to rear its ugly head in a few dimly lighted and cloddishly edited murder scenes. Somehow the human race survives this halfhearted apocalyptic mayhem. The reputations of Frankenheimer and company may not.

—F.R.

Stock Offering

SIDNEY SHELDON'S BLOODLINE

Directed by Terence Young
Screenplay by Laird Koenig

This movie consists almost entirely of shots of people getting on and off private jets or limousines. The actors are also frequently seen entering rooms and offices that are meant to pass as the haunts of the rich and powerful but actually look rather tacky. When the film finally gets around to dialogue, it is mostly about the advisability of making a public stock offering for a family-held pharmaceutical house—a topic whose entertainment possibilities are soon exhausted. All but one of the unappetizing characters are in desperate need of liquidity, and one of them has bumped off the firm's founder, who was a holdout against going public. Now the villain keeps making inept attempts on the life of the founder's daughter (Audrey Hepburn), who has succeeded to the presidency and to her father's no-sale policy.

This plot is not so much developed as witlessly reiterated. For comic relief we are offered a detective whose sublime faith in computers is never rewarded by solid leads. We also get a hired killer who indulges in kinky sex simply because such escapades are an obligatory part of Hollywood packages like this. One expects fantasies in the newish jet-set genre (*The Other Side of Midnight*, *The Greek Tycoon*) to be unfelt, but it is always a little surprising to find them so poorly observed. Almost any of the gossip columns that provide the raw material for these films are more amusing, and more professionally managed. One suspects that there is a better story in the agency that got Novelist Sheldon's name worked into the movie's official title than in anything that is actually up there on the screen.

—Richard Schickel

People

Twice in 1906 **Henri Matisse** painted the same brooding young sailor in the same pose in the Mediterranean town of Collioure. Critics have always preferred *Le Jeune Marin II* for its flowing strokes and color. Perhaps that was because they saw little of *Jeune Marin I*. Matisse sold it to **Gertrude Stein**'s brother **Michael**, who



Matisse's *Le Jeune Marin* I

twelve years later sold it to a Norwegian collector. Recently *Marin Isurfaed* at exhibitions in New York and Zurich, a prelude to auction last week at Christie's in London. There, in spirited bidding on the floor and by telephone, the oil was knocked down for \$1,584,000, an auction record for 19th and 20th century paintings. Christie's would only identify the successful bidder as being from "across the Atlantic." Presumably that meant the U.S., although *Jeune Marin II* is in Mexico City.

Once they saw aye to aye on getting out of Viet Nam. Now Folk Singer **Joan Baez** and Actress **Jane Fonda** are at war. The break began over Baez's open letter to Hanoi protesting jails jammed with 200,000 political prisoners and the use of captives as human mine detectors. Invited to sign, Fonda demurred. Baez, she explained, was aligning herself "with the most narrow and negative elements in our country, who continue to believe that Communism is worse than death." Retorted Baez: "I don't have any ideological yoke around my neck that blinds me to human rights violations."

Six years after **Lyndon Baines Johnson's** death, Widow **Lady Bird**, 66, has decided to sell 2,353 acres that the 36th President bought to enlarge the ranch, now a national historic site, where he lies buried. "I'm trying to shave off as many obligations, duties and responsibilities as I can," explains the former First Lady. She will continue to enjoy the LBJ Ranch on the Pedernales River to which she first came as a bride in 1934. Still, the territory to be sold was added with "much love and thrill and happiness and adventure." In two great trees are hooks that held one of the President's favorite hammocks. Then there is the stone house where "we'd always have a Christmas party with roaring fires and wreaths, and after a barbecue we'd roll



Faye Dunaway in her goddess-of-mercy getup for TV commercial

up the rug and dance. Lyndon loved to come here and ride over his land. His whole cycle of life was here."

Occidental moviemakers perceive her as a fashion photographer (*Eyes of Laura Mars*) or a ratings-mad television executive (*Network*). But Tokyo Art Director **Eiko Ishi**

ka, casting around for a Japanese TV commercial, saw in **Faye Dunaway** something of Kannon Bosatsu, the Buddhist goddess of mercy. Rigged in sail-like goddess attire, the inscrutable pitchperson has no lines, but she kisses and caresses two tiny girls in a fetching commercial for a chain of boutiques, galleries and theaters that airs next month.



Lady Bird Johnson revisiting old stone house on the portion of the L.B.J. Ranch that has been put up for sale.

On the Record

Jay Rockefeller, West Virginia Governor and great-grandson of Standard Oil's **John D.**: "I don't have a whole lot of faith in what the oil companies say."

Lester Lanin, society orchestra leader: "I very seldom fail to play the wedding of a girl whose coming-out we've played. Then she becomes chairman of a charity ball and engages us. They're loyal, the social element in this country."

Indira Gandhi, former Indian Prime Minister, posing for photographs with admirers: "I am one of the sights of Delhi."

A close-up photograph of a cowboy's hands, wearing a blue corduroy shirt and a yellow bandana, gripping the leather bridle of a horse. The horse's head is visible in the lower left. The background is a dark, textured wooden wall.

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Sport

Wimbledon: Game, Set, Out!

Despite some surprises, the top seeds triumph

Was this Wimbledon, or something dreamed up by an OPEC entrepreneur? Not only was the price of strawberries and cream up sharply, from \$1.20 to \$1.65, but a glass of champagne cost \$3.30, a dollar more than last year. To top it all off, an unseeded but well-endowed Californian named Linda Siegel, 18, momentarily popped out of her daring, halter-neck tennis dress in mid-stroke during a losing engagement with Billie Jean King. GAME, SET . . . OUT! chorused a Fleet Street headline.

But in other ways, Wimbledon was as Wimbledon as ever. Banks of hydrangeas and geraniums were in dazzling bloom, and the usual profusion of red roses surrounded the members' enclosure at the All England Club. The tournament attracted record crowds, while the nation talked of virtually nothing else. True to form, the top seeds in the singles competition—Björn Borg and Martina Navratilova—moved relentlessly into the denuement of the fortnight-long pageant.

Borg, 23, the icily self-composed Swede, was aiming to become the first man in modern Wimbledon history to win four consecutive singles titles.* He made it into the finals with an amazingly easy win over Jimmy Connors, 26, the tempestual American who won the title in 1974. Their eagerly awaited match turned out to be a reprise of last year's

*The record is six, but before 1922 the previous year's winner had a bye to the finals.

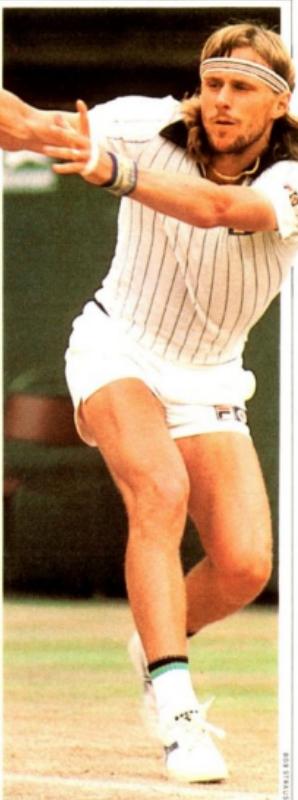
championship rout. Once again, Borg triumphed in straight sets with the loss of only seven games, and once again he needed a short time to do it—106 min., three less than last year.

Connors left Wimbledon moments later, without showering, changing or talking to reporters. At the airport, he took a verbal swipe at newsmen—"You guys have all the answers"—while a male companion turned to photographers and offered to "burst your heads in." A London paper called Connors' getaway "an ungracious farewell," but Borg was more sympathetic: "I know how badly he wanted to win the tournament."

Borg also beat Tom Gorman, 33, an unseeded American, and India's Vijay Amritraj, 25, en route to the finals. There his opponent was Roscoe Tanner, 27, a hard-serving Tennessean seeded fifth. Tanner's appearance in the finals was not altogether popular, since his triumph in the semifinals came at the expense of the tournament's giant killer: Pat DuPre, 24, a lanky (6 ft. 2 1/2 in., 180 lbs.) Belgian-born Alabamian who now lives in La Jolla, Calif. Ranked a lowly 28th in the U.S., DuPre tiptoed into the first round and ambushed fourth-seeded Vitas Gerulaitis, 24. "I consider myself basically a pretty horrendous grass player," DuPre said afterward. Four matches later, in one of the most uproarious quarter finals ever staged on hallowed Center Court, DuPre outgunned the handsome, acrobatic Italian, Adriano Panatta, 29, thereby silencing thousands of his screaming, chanting countrymen, who were unkindly dubbed the "Spaghetti Brigade" by the British press. The score was 3-6, 6-4, 6-7, 6-4, 6-3, and DuPre had to admit: "I seem to be picking up the game a little better."

DuPre was overmatched against Tanner in the semifinals, though, losing in straight sets. Tanner's bullet serve (clocked at 153 m.p.h.) and an improved all-round game gave his fellow Stanford graduate all he could handle. Rued DuPre: "You have almost no time to react."

Tanner had advanced to the semis with a four-set victory over Tim Gullikson, 27, of Onalaska, Wis., who had unceremoniously dumped American John McEnroe, 20, in the fourth round. The departure of the precocious and abrasive New Yorker was particularly well received by the British public and press, for McEnroe had richly earned the epithets "Superbrat" and "McTantrum" for his unruly behavior in a pre-Wimbledon tournament. "The most vain, ill-tempered, petulant loudmouth that the game of



Björn Borg takes his fourth straight title
"I know how badly he wanted to win."

tennis has ever known," declared one newspaper.

In the women's finals, Navratilova, 22, handily retained her crown with a 6-4, 6-4 victory over Chris Evert Lloyd, 24, her rival for world supremacy. It was a classic confrontation between the powerful serve and volleys of Navratilova and the masterly ground strokes of her opponent. The faster grass surface favored Navratilova, a Czech defector who now lives in Dallas, but the ease of her victory was surprising. A few weeks ago at Eastbourne, a traditional warmup for Wimbledon, Lloyd defeated Navratilova on grass after a titanic struggle, and she felt this gave her a psychological edge. But at Wimbledon, said Lloyd, her opponent "never let me into the match. She came



STEVE EISNER

in well off her sliced backhand, and got a high percentage of first serves in."

The women's competition was a testament to the seeding committee and to the relative lack of depth in the female ranks. The top eight made it to the quarter-finals, the top four to the semis, and the top two to the finals. The only moments of high drama were supplied by Billie Jean King, 35, who was seeking a record 20th Wimbledon title. In the quarter-finals she was matched against Tracy Austin, 16, who was not even born when King won her first Wimbledon title, in 1961. The older woman used her full repertory of crisp volleys, drop shots, cagey spins and moon balls. But time and again, the high school junior from Rolling Hills, Calif., sent sizzling passing shots down the lines, leaving King flat-footed and beaten, 6-4, 6-7, 6-2. King had to wait until the last day of the tournament to get her record, teaming with Navratilova to defeat Wendy Turnbull and Betty Stoe in the finals of the women's doubles. By tragic coincidence, American Elizabeth Ryan, who had shared the record of 19 championships, collapsed on the Wimbledon grounds the day before and died later at the age of 88.

Going into the men's finals, Borg was a prohibitive favorite. His dramatic two-handed backhand and awesome forehand were supercharged with top spin and landing with uncanny accuracy. Tanner, a Wimbledon semifinalist in 1975 and 1976, was at the top of his game too. Once a slave to his serve, he has markedly upgraded the rest of his play. Said he: "I can take some pace off, just get in the court and rely more on my volley to win points."

He certainly seemed charged up on Saturday, but not quite enough. With more than 15,000 spectators jamming Center Court, Tanner played superbly before Borg won in five sets, 6-7, 6-1, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4. His gambling power game kept Borg off balance, and his thunderball serves baited him out of numerous trouble spots. But Borg was as relentless as ever, and worked steadily on Tanner's weakest point, his backhand. After Tanner won a tie breaker to capture the first set, Borg breezed through the second, breaking service twice. Tanner came right back to win the third set, and looked ready to pull a stunning upset.

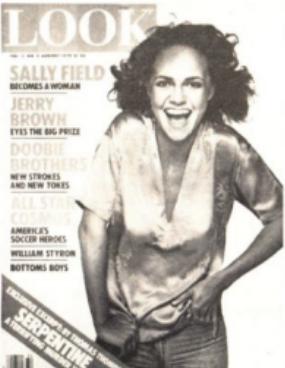
The match turned in the fourth game of the fourth set, when Borg staved off four game points and broke service to take a 3-1 lead. Borg broke Tanner again in the opening game of the last set, then fought off three break points in the next game to hold service. The American made two more strong runs at Borg, in the eighth and tenth games, but he could not punch home winners when he needed them. Said Tanner: "He's tremendous but not invincible." When it was all over, the usually undemonstrative Borg dropped to his knees, raised his arms in the air and permitted himself a wide grin. Said he: "I'll be back for five."

Press

Look Down

And very possibly out

What's something wrong at *Look* magazine last week? A secretary answered the phone with a chirpy "Paris Match." An assistant editor showed up for his first day of work only to find that he had already been laid off. Somewhere between Los Angeles and Georgia, a freelance writer was motorcycling to an assignment, unaware that his editors had been fired and were commiserating in a Manhattan gin mill. By way of explanation, *Look*'s owners announced blandly that the magazine was "undergoing re-



The latest—and possibly last—issue
"It is what we could have become."

organization." They promised to keep publishing, but hardly anyone on Madison Avenue believed them.

The latest—and possibly last—chapter in one of the most expensive and convulsive magazine start-ups in years was written in red ink. *Look* Board Chairman Daniel Filipacchi, 51, publisher of *Paris Match* and ten other French magazines, abruptly canceled a two-month-old management agreement with *Rolling Stone*, the rock music tabloid. Under that deal, *Rolling Stone* had been running *Look* in return for a monthly fee of \$50,000.

With losses approaching \$10 million so far and with *Rolling Stone* Editor and Publisher Jann Wenner, 33, saying he needed at least \$5 million more over the next three years to push *Look* (circ. 650,000) into the black, Filipacchi and his six French partners decided to turn off the money tap. At the end, *Rolling Stone* tried to buy the magazine, offering more than \$1 million over the next five years, but negotiations broke down, and Wenner was, in effect, sacked. He thus joined a large

fraternity: more than 50 editorial employees and some 100 business staffers have been given the ax since *Look* resumed publication in February, seven years after it folded the first time.

Look's July issue, Wenner's first, was a slapdash affair put together in seven days. Its cover story on Clint Eastwood amounted to an enormous plug for Paramount Pictures, with whom Wenner has a contract as an executive producer. But the more elegantly designed August issue (on sale next week) shows an imaginative flair and a sound grasp of what is trendy among affluent young adults. Sally Field is the cover girl, and inside stories hopscotch from adventure (intrigue in Asia) to books (Author William Styron) to fashion ("freak chic"). Said Managing Editor Christine Doudna, 35: "It is what we could have become."

And still may become, if Wenner has his way. In the bittersweet aftermath of *Look*'s collapse, he was glowing about the August issue ("fabulous"), eulogizing the staff ("great") and promising to start another glossy picture magazine, possibly with the *Look* logo, as early as September 1980. Said he: "We're going to do it again, launched in proper fashion."

Limited Run

The Times switches critics

For the sixth time in 20 years, the dramatists personae at the New York Times theater department are being shuffled. Come September the curtain will fall on Richard Eder, 46, who in his two years as chief drama critic managed to pan several of Broadway's biggest hits, including *Dracula*, *Deathtrap* and *Dancin'*. His replacement is the paper's Sunday theater scribe Walter Kerr, 66, who joined the *Times* in 1966 after 15 years at the *Herald Tribune*, and is the only drama reviewer ever to win a Pulitzer Prize for criticism (1978). As head of the newly combined Sunday and daily theater staff, Kerr will contribute twice a month to the Sunday culture section and produce two reviews during the week.

The latest successor to Brooks Atkinson, the *Times'* near legendary daily critic, Kerr hopes to provide readers with critiques they "can understand, enjoy—if possible—and agree with after they've seen the show." Whether that will fortify the paper's waning influence on the Great White Way remains uncertain. Eder, a former foreign correspondent, will be assigned elsewhere at the *Times*, having rejected an offer from Executive Editor A.M. Rosenthal to play a supporting role to Kerr's lead in the theater section. Said Eder of his unexpectedly brief engagement: "I think my work is valuable and honest and would have liked it to go on. I feel bad at being offered a demotion."

Slamming the Courtroom Doors

Pretrial hearings may be held in secret, the court rules

Distrust of secret trials runs deep in Anglo-American tradition. Long before the Court of Star Chamber was abolished in England in 1641, it had been widely recognized that without public scrutiny trials can be used as blunt instruments of persecution. Open trials provide more than the mere appearance of justice; they also help ensure that justice is done.

So it came as a stunning shock to many last week when the U.S. Supreme Court, by a 5-to-4 vote, ruled that the public has no constitutional right under the "public trial" guarantee of the Sixth Amendment to attend criminal trials. The ruling undercuts a fundamental assumption

judges who share the philosophy of secret trials can now run Star Chamber justice."

The case, *Gannett Co. vs. DePasquale*, arose from a routine suppression-of-evidence hearing before a murder trial in upstate New York in 1976. Two men charged with murdering an ex-policeman named Wayne Clapp had come to court trying to block the prosecution from using confessions and a murder weapon, which they claimed had been illegally obtained by police. At the hearing, the defense lawyers asked Judge Daniel DePasquale to bar the public and the press from court. The lawyers argued that adverse publicity would jeopardize their clients' chance for a fair trial. The prosecutor made no ob-



tion of open democracy. It is also by far the court's sharpest blow to the press in a long string of such adverse rulings. At its narrowest, the decision means that pretrial hearings could be closed when the judge finds a defendant's rights may be prejudiced. At its worst, it means that during any criminal proceeding, whenever the defendant, prosecutor and judge see fit, the courtroom doors can be closed to public and press.

Many in the press and the legal profession fear the worst. "I hate this decision," said Columbia University's journalism professor emeritus Fred Friendly. New York Press Lawyer Frederick A.O. Schwarz Jr. called it "outrageous." Fumed Harvard Law Professor Laurence Tribe, an expert on the Constitution: "There will be no need to gag the press if the stories can be choked off at the source." Said Allen Neuharth, chairman of the Gannett newspaper chain that brought the suit: "This decision is a signal that those

junction, and the judge cleared the courtroom. But a reporter from *Gannett's Rochester Democrat & Chronicle* and *Times-Union* later challenged the judge's ruling: the reporter relied on the Sixth Amendment, which provides that "in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial," and claimed a "right to access" under the First Amendment. The judge was unpersuaded; he saw a "reasonable probability of prejudice." His decision to close the court was first overturned, then upheld before it reached the Supreme Court.

Writing for the high court's majority, Justice Potter Stewart acknowledged that there is a "strong societal interest" in open trials. But he left for another day the question whether judges must weigh that interest against the defendant's right to a fair trial. The Sixth Amendment's public-trial guarantee belongs only to the criminally accused, wrote Stewart, not to the public itself. He specifically refused to

concede that the press or the public possesses a constitutional right, under the First Amendment, to attend criminal trials. Even if such a right of "access" did exist, Stewart went on, it would have to yield to a defendant's guarantee of a fair trial.

The high court's majority opinion was hedged by the concurring opinions of Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justice Lewis Powell. In Burger's view, the decision applies only to pretrial hearings, not to trials themselves. That is not a great limitation, however, since about 90% of all criminal cases are disposed of before they ever reach trial. It is during pretrial hearings that abuses by police and prosecutors are most likely to come out. Powell, arguing that the public ought to know what goes on in the courts, wanted explicitly to grant reporters a First Amendment "interest" in attending criminal proceedings. But, he added, that interest should be balanced against the risk of unfair publicity. In this case, said Powell, Judge DePasquale had struck the right balance by excluding the public.

Justice William Rehnquist, who also concurred, would go much further: defendants, prosecutors and judges should be free to bar press and public from any trial for any reason they choose. Staking out the hardest-line position of all, he declared that the public has absolutely no right to attend any criminal proceedings. A trial court, Rehnquist added, "is not required by the Sixth Amendment to advance any reason whatsoever for declining to open a pretrial hearing to the public." He specifically rejected the notion that the First Amendment is "some kind of constitutional 'sunshine law.'"

What worried the four dissenters was the likelihood that some lower-court judges will take Rehnquist at his word and begin closing off courtrooms for no good reason. Justice Harry Blackmun, writing for himself and Justices William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall and Byron White, accused the court of overreacting to the risks of prejudicial publicity in the Clapp murder case. News articles about the case were "placid, routine and innocuous," wrote Blackmun. "There was no screaming headline, no lurid photograph, no front-page overemphasis." Nonetheless, the court "reached" for a strict and flat result," he said, an "inflexible rule" that ignores or pays little heed to "the important interests of the public and the press (as a part of that public) in open judicial proceedings."

Pretrial publicity can, of course, be prejudicial to the defendant. In a few celebrated cases, like the lurid 1954 murder trial of Dr. Sam Sheppard, the press has turned courtrooms into sideshows. But Blackmun pointed out that the Supreme Court itself has recognized that "cases such as these are relatively rare." Even

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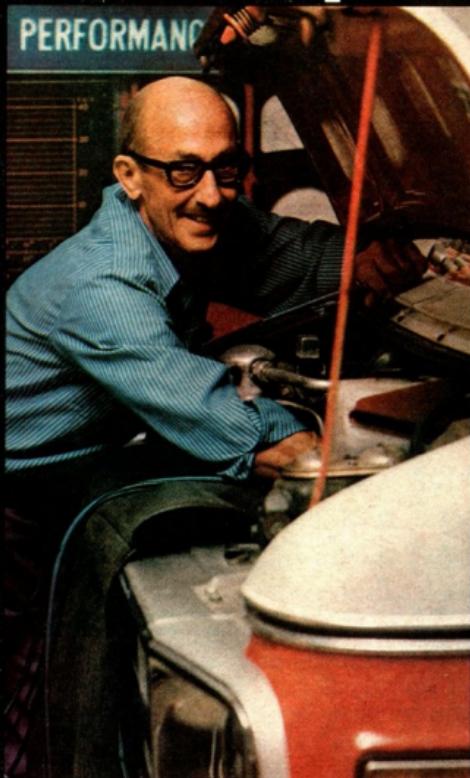
Chiba	472	Kobe	78	Sakai	722
Fukuoka	92	Kyoto	75	Sapporo	11
Hiroshima	822	Nagoya	52	Sendai	222
Kawasaki	44	Okayama	862	Tokyo	3
Kirakyushu	93	Osaka	6	Yokohama	45



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Law

"pervasive, adverse publicity" does not necessarily bias jurors. Some studies have indicated that publicity has little effect; ingrained local prejudices probably are a more serious problem.

Blackmun's 44-page opinion argued that the public does have a constitutional right to open trials. Courts, including the U.S. Supreme Court, have for more than two centuries reasserted the "principle that justice cannot survive behind walls of silence," Blackmun wrote. He pointedly quoted a dissenting opinion written by Justice Stewart himself in a 1965 decision that overturned Billie Sol Estes' fraud conviction because his rights had been prejudiced by television coverage of the trial: "The suggestion that there are limits upon the public's right to know what goes on in the courts causes me deep concern." Blackmun would let judges bar the public only in situations where closed hearings were "necessary in order to ensure that a defendant not be denied a fair trial," and if closing the proceeding would indeed keep prejudicial information from getting to the public. The reason for imposing such strict standards is basically that judges, prosecutors and defendants



Gannett Communications' Allen Neuharth
Justice behind "walls of silence."

cannot always be trusted to protect the public's interest. "A great many lower-court judges would like to take advantage of any opening they have to keep the press out," says Professor Tribe. Indeed, Blackmun in his dissent warned of "connivance"

by a defendant who is a public official with a prosecutor and a judge, all of whom belong to the same political party. And many wondered what would have happened to Watergate if reporters had been barred from court. "It would have been a disaster," says Reporter Bob Woodward, if the Watergate burglars' arraignment hearing had been closed. "It was a crucial piece of the puzzle, which spurred my interest to go on with the investigation." Closing the courtroom will make that kind of investigative reporting much harder to do. More important, it will leave the public in dangerous ignorance about what takes place behind closed courtroom doors.

Still, the Supreme Court has certainly not had the last word on the subject. The majority opinion leaves room for journalists to challenge judges who try to close off trials, or to object when judges close pretrial hearings without any real reason. And Congress and state legislatures remain free to require open hearings when the defendant's right to a fair trial is not in danger. In years to come, the court may find itself reconsidering what it has done to the public's interest in open justice. ■

A Dry Spell of Doubt for Reporters

Gannett vs. *DePasquale* could be the biggest setback the press has yet suffered at the hands of the Burger Court, but it is hardly the first. Other defeats:

Branzburg vs. Hayes (1972). A reporter has no right to withhold information about his sources from a grand jury in a criminal investigation. The court was unmoved by the contention that confidential sources will dry up if reporters can be compelled to reveal them.

Zurcher vs. Stanford Daily (1978). With a warrant, police can make a surprise raid on a newsroom to search for evidence of crime committed by others.

Houchins vs. KQED (1978), Pell vs. Procurer (1974) and Saxbe vs. Washington Post (1974). The press has no more right of access to public institutions than does the general public.

Herbert vs. Lando (1979). A libel plaintiff obliged to prove actual malice because he is a public figure has the right to inquire into a reporter's state of mind. Lando's CBS lawyers had argued that such questions could chill the free exchange of ideas in the newsroom.

Hutchinson vs. Proxmire and Wolstein vs. Reader's Digest Association (1979), Time Inc. vs. Firestone (1976). A scientist whose publicly funded research had been ridiculed as wasteful by a U.S. Senator, a former Government translator who had been cited for contempt for refusing to testify before a grand jury in-

vestigating Soviet espionage, and a prominent Florida socialite embroiled in a highly publicized divorce were all held not to be "public figures" as libel plaintiffs. The court ruled that someone must "thrust" himself into a prominent public controversy in order to become a public figure. In effect, these decisions made it easier to sue for libel.

The court this term refused to hear the appeal of New York *Times* Reporter Myron Farber, who spent 40 days in jail for contempt for refusing to turn over to the defendant his notes at a murder trial. And it refused to review a U.S. Court of Appeals ruling that allowed Government investigators access to the telephone company's records of phone numbers called by journalists. Both cases, along with *Branzburg*, make it more difficult for reporters to preserve the confidentiality of sources.

The Burger Court's record is not entirely adverse to the press. The court has repeatedly ruled that the First Amendment protects the press from "prior restraint,"—that is, from laws or court rulings that prevent the press from publishing what it knows. Thus the court allowed the press to publish the Pentagon papers in 1971, despite claims by the Government of national security; unanimously (7-0) struck down a Virginia statute last year that penalized newspapers for revealing secret disciplinary

proceedings against a judge; and forbade courts in 1976 to "gag" the press to keep it from printing information it had obtained at open pretrial hearings.

But the process of gathering news enjoys considerably less First Amendment protection from the Burger Court than does printing news once it is gathered. The court is highly protective of competing individual rights, such as a person's right to a fair trial or his right to protect his reputation and privacy.

Clearly, a majority of the justices on the Burger Court believe that the press has quite enough power without getting any more from the judiciary. "They view the press as potentially as dangerous to privacy as the Government," says Constitutional Expert A.E. Dick Howard of the University of Virginia Law School. One reason for this, Howard speculates, may be that the Justices themselves "are very private people" who are uncomfortable with publicity.

Defenders of the Burger Court argue that it is not cutting back on First Amendment rights, simply refusing to extend them. Inevitably, as the press grows more aggressive and probing, it steps on people's rights. These cases present the Burger Court with difficult choices that earlier Supreme Courts never had to face. Nonetheless, the Justices take a perhaps dangerously benign view of how lower courts and law enforcement officials operate in the real world. They may be underestimating the genuine risk that some of their decisions pose to the future of free speech.

A Court with No Identity

How the "fluid five" keep the tribunal unpredictable

When Richard Nixon appointed four Supreme Court Justices between 1969 and 1973—Chief Justice Warren Burger and Associate Justices Harry Blackmun, William Rehnquist and Lewis Powell—the President fully expected them to halt, if not reverse, the steady expansion of individual rights that had begun under the activist Warren Court. So did many court watchers. But it has not quite turned out that way.

During its 1978-79 session, which was adjourned last week, the Supreme Court was neither liberal nor conservative. It was distinctly nonideological. Which rights were upheld, and which rights

cision in June, which held that employers could give job preference to blacks to remedy "manifest racial imbalance" in the work force, the busing cases signal the court's strong support for affirmative action. For blacks, at least, the message is clear. Says Georgetown University Law Center Professor Dennis Hutchinson: "With the Warren Court you could say, 'Blacks win.' Now you can begin to say of the Burger Court, 'Blacks win.'"

Abortion. The court also stuck to its pro-abortion stand with a decision last week that struck down a Massachusetts



The sculptured pediment on the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice Warren Burger

It is not only not the "Nixon Court," it is not even the "Burger Court."

were not, depended not so much on any overarching doctrine as on the facts of a particular case. The court is without an identity, and at times, unpredictable. To the press, the court's decisions on the First Amendment may have seemed all too predictable. But other groups—civil libertarians, police, women, business people—came to the court without any sure idea of where they stand.

The court's term was distinguished chiefly for holding lines drawn in earlier years.

Minority Rights. On the last day of the session, the court upheld massive school busing to desegregate schools in Columbus and Dayton, Ohio. The decisions, reached by 7-to-2 and 5-to-4 votes, reaffirmed a rule established by the court in 1973: if a plaintiff proves that a school board has intentionally segregated part of its system, then a federal judge can order sweeping desegregation for all of the system. In Dayton and Columbus, that meant busing for some 55,000 students. Coming on the heels of the *Weber de-*

lawn requiring minors to get parental consent. But the decision stopped short of giving minors an absolute right to an abortion, and left the precise boundaries of minors' rights still unsettled.

Women's Rights. Unemployed female heads of household won the right to be paid welfare benefits, like men; divorced women can now also be made to pay alimony, like men. But the court would not go as far as the women's rights movement wants it to, and treat sex discrimination just like racial discrimination. In one important case, *Massachusetts vs. Feeney*, the Justices rejected the argument that veterans preference laws discriminate against women because 98% of all veterans in Massachusetts are men. The court reasoned that the laws were not meant to hurt women, but to help a group that happens to be mostly male.

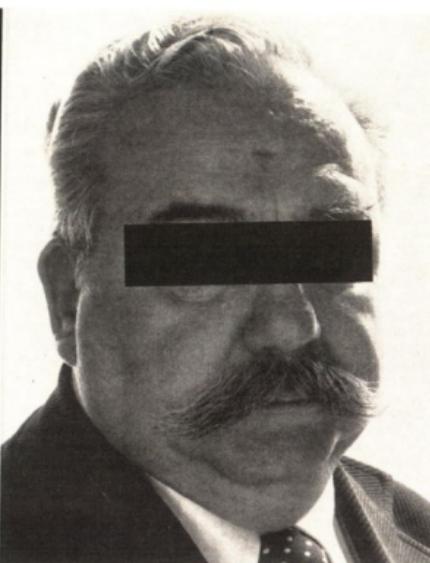
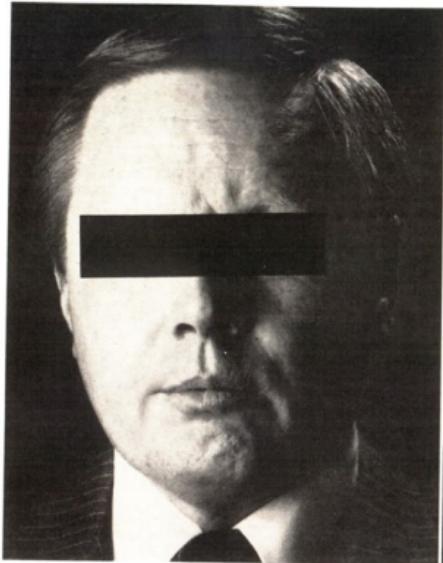
Crime. If the Burger Court had been the law-and-order court Nixon hoped it would be, it would have overturned earlier decisions giving broad effect to the Fourth Amendment prohibition against

"unreasonable searches and seizures." But this year the court upheld Fourth Amendment claims more often than not. In *Arkansas vs. Sanders*, for instance, the court ruled that police with probable cause needed a warrant to search a suitcase found in a car. In *Delaware vs. Prouse*, the court struck down random police checks of drivers' licenses and car registrations. On the other hand, it found no Fourth Amendment violation in "pen registers" used without a warrant by Maryland police to record telephone numbers dialed by private individuals, or with surreptitious entry into a building to install a "bug" authorized by court order.

The court's uncertain course depends largely on how five moderate Justices—Potter Stewart, John Paul Stevens, Byron White, Blackmun and Powell—cast their votes. They are known as the "fluid five" or the "floating center." Explains University of Chicago Law Professor Geoffrey Stone: "The Justices in the middle are not 'principle' Justices, which is not to say they are unprincipled—just unpredictable." The only real ideologues on the high bench are Rehnquist on the right and William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall on the left. Brennan, often a dissenter in the past, found himself in the majority in several key cases this year, and he wrote the majority opinion in the *Weber* case. That is an indication, says Stanford Law Professor Gerald Gunther, of a less conservative tilt to the court. Isolated on the right with Rehnquist is Burger. Unlike his predecessor, Earl Warren, the Chief Justice has not molded any kind of consensus on the court. In that sense, the high bench is not only not the "Nixon Court," it is not even the "Burger Court."

The year was made livelier by what went on outside the court's marble temple. In April an ABC-TV reporter, Tim O'Brien, leaked the results of some yet-to-be-released high court decisions. The court immediately clamped down on security, limiting the hours when reporters could use the press room in the Supreme Court building and for a few weeks posting a police officer near the room. Then in May, Justice Marshall publicly lashed out at his colleagues for being insensitive to criminal defendants. Marshall, who is reported to be increasingly disaffected from the court, surprised an audience of judges and lawyers by stating that "ill-conceived reversals [by the high court] should be considered as no more than temporary interruptions."

Such public pique is very rare among Supreme Court Justices. The court is an intensely private place that prizes its secrecy. Differences between the Justices more often show up only in their judicial opinions—and in this court's overall lack of coherence.



One of these men had a business that went into a slump, into the red and up in smoke.

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Recently, the FBI re-classified arson as a major crime, in the same category as murder, rape and grand larceny. This re-classification will result in greater attention by federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. We

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The Press, the Courts and the Country

Are courts going too far in what is beginning to look like a campaign to curb the press?

Most journalists would not yet agree with Allen Neuharth, head of the Gannett newspaper chain, that in this respect, the Supreme Court has moved "above the law." But the trend is clear and alarming, from the denial of confidentiality of sources to surprise newsroom searches (see LAW). Not only the press is affected. The search decision can send the cops into psychiatrists' or lawyers' offices as well. The latest court ruling that pretrial hearings and possibly trials themselves may be closed to press and public is reprehensible, among other reasons because it could lead to collusion—behind closed courtroom doors—between judges, prosecutors and defendants. This ruling, more than any other shows that the conflict is not just between the courts and the press but the courts and society.

Tension between power centers is useful in America. But the judiciary ought to reflect about what it is doing. In important respects, judges really are in the same boat as journalists, and ultimately in the service of the same ideals. People who cheer the courts' moves against the press are quite ready to condemn the courts in other areas. If the press is seen as having too much power, so are the courts, and then some.

The monstrous regiment of lawyers has rarely been more resented. In a recent Harris poll about public confidence in various institutions, law firms ranked eleventh on a list of 13. Even when lawyers are miraculously transformed into judges, they do not regain total trust. In the same poll, the Supreme Court came in sixth, while TV news (somewhat surprisingly) ranked first and the press in general ranked fifth, thus nosing ahead of the august court.

Distrust of the judiciary is nothing new in American history. Thomas Jefferson in 1820 thought that the notion of judges as "the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions" was "very dangerous" and threatened the "despotism of an oligarchy." At times, the press helped fan suspicion of judges; more recently it has functioned as an ally of the bench, as when the courts virtually administered school desegregation, and during Watergate.

Some historical perspective is necessary. The proud judiciary traces its origins back far beyond the beginning of the printed word to times when the judge was king, and vice versa. Journalists, on the other hand, are relative newcomers, the spiritual descendants of itinerant printers, scribblers and (let's face it) rebels. Indeed, one of the reasons that journalists are so worried, even perhaps slightly paranoid, about the loss of their freedoms is that these rights have never been very secure, here or abroad.

In 16th century England, editors and "newswriters" were constantly in danger of imprisonment or torture, even of beheading, hanging and burning at the stake, sometimes for refusal to reveal the source of confidential information. Until nearly the end of the 18th century, libel in Britain was readily used to jail journalists and others. John Walter, publisher of the young London *Times*, was confined for nearly a year and a half to Newgate Prison, from which he managed to run his newspaper.

Journalists fared somewhat better in America. Here, the press played an essential part in bringing off the American Revolution. But that did not assure popularity. George Washington came to believe that the press should be firmly "managed" and kept in its place. Jefferson, kinder to the press than to the courts,

disagreed and declared grandiosely that "nature has given to man no other means [than the press] of sifting out the truth either in religion, law, or politics." (In fairness, it should be noted that later he declared himself "infinitely happier" once he had stopped all his newspaper subscriptions.)

Still, journalism in America was a high-risk trade. Editors were always in danger of being challenged to duels or horsewhipped or beaten up by gangs. During the War of 1812, one antiwar newspaper was actually blasted by a mob with a cannon. On the frontier, tarring and feathering editors was a popular pastime. Symbolically, of course, it still is. The press, its reach almost infinitely expanded by electronics, has come a long way since those days. Yet, the public, despite its daily if not hourly intimacy with the press, does not really understand it very well. That lack of understanding is reflected in the courts, although it goes far beyond matters of the law. In part, this is inevitable because the press is indeed a peculiar institution, full of paradoxes. To understand and judge—even to criticize it for the right reasons—a few broad points might be kept in mind.

► The American press is better than ever. Yellow journalism persists, but largely on the fringes of the press and is pale compared with what it was in the heyday of William Randolph Hearst. One episode: Drumming the U.S. to war against Spain, Hearst sent Artist Frederic Remington to Cuba. When Remington cabled that all was quiet, with no war in sight, Hearst fired back: "You supply the pictures, I'll supply the war." Arrogance of such magnitude is unheard of today. The sensationalist Joseph Pulitzer

declared that accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a lady, but the fact is that journalism today takes that maxim far more seriously than did the papers of Pulitzer's time.

True, the press still features triviality, gossip, scandal. It always will. Charles Anderson Dana of the New York *Sun*—like Hearst and Pulitzer quite a phrasemaker and an exemplar of the era—declared that the *Sun* could not be blamed for reporting what God had permitted to happen. That was only partly a cop-out. While the press should not pander to base or grisly appetites, or merely "give the people what they want," neither should it be expected to change human nature (if that concept is still admissible). America's mainstream publications today, for all their faults, are far more broad-gauged, responsible, accurate—and self-critical—than ever before, or than any other in the world.

► The press should not be expected to be what it is not. Literary critics chide journalism for not being literary enough, historians for lacking historical accuracy, lawyers for not marshaling facts by the rules of evidence. But journalism is not literature, not history, not law. Most of the time it cannot possibly offer anything but fleeting record of events compiled in great haste. Many news stories are, at bottom, hypotheses about what happened. Science, of course, works by hypotheses, discarding them when errors are discovered, and it does so, on the whole, without blame, even when a mistake costs lives. The press, which lays no claim to scientific accuracy, is not easily forgiven its errors. Admittedly, the press often rushes into print with insufficient information, responding to (and perhaps creating) an occasionally mindless hunger for news. A utopian society might demand that the press print nothing until it had reached absolute certainty. But such a



society, while waiting for some ultimate version of events, would be so ripe with rumor, alarm and lies that the errors of our journalism would by comparison seem models of truth.

The press was not invented by and for journalists. It is a result of mass literacy and the instrument of a political system in which, for better or worse, all literate people—indeed even the illiterate—are considered qualified voters. So the hunger for news is a hunger for power—not power by journalists, as is often suggested, but by the public. The press is a child of the Enlightenment and those who inveigh against it also attack, sometimes unconsciously, the values of the Enlightenment. It is no accident that the press grew as the concept of revealed truth declined. The press as we know it could not (does not) exist in societies that in all things accept the voice of authority.

► Profits should not make the press suspect. Many people (including journalists and judges) are troubled by the fact that the press performs a public service and yet makes profits. But this is nothing the press should apologize for; on the contrary. The press as a business is the only alternative to a subsidized press, which by every conceivable measurement would be worse. True, there are serious risks in the commercial aspects of the press, but these are relatively minor compared with the situation a few generations ago, when weak and insecure newspapers all too easily succumbed to the checkbooks of political or business pressure groups. Henry Luce argued that the press was not really taken seriously and, in a sense, did not really become free until it became a big business. Enterprising journalism is expensive. (It costs more than \$100,000 to keep a correspondent in Washington, D.C., for one year. Paper, printing and distribution cost *TIME* magazine \$120 million. The newspaper industry spends \$3 billion each year on newsprint alone.)

Questions about profits lead to questions about size. The spread of newspaper chains and one-newspaper cities is, to be sure, a cause for concern. Yet smallness as such is not necessarily good; it guarantees neither quality nor independence. Bigness as such is not necessarily bad: in most cases, large resources improve a publication. Nor does the size of some enterprises keep new publications out. The number of small publications is growing and their diversity is dazzling. The really remarkable phenomenon of recent years is not so much the growth of communications companies, but the spread of highly organized special interest groups that have had considerable success in making themselves heard and seen.

► The press is not too powerful; if anything, it is not powerful enough. Those who want to curb the press point out that it is no longer the "fragile" thing it was when the First Amendment was written. But neither is the Government. When Franklin Roosevelt took office, the federal budget, in 1979 dollars, amounted to about \$38 billion. In fiscal 1980, it will be around \$530 billion. When Roosevelt took office, the federal bureaucracy consisted of 600,000 people. Today it adds up to 2,858,344. Such figures can only suggest that the growth of Government has been far more dramatic than the growth of the press that attempts to cover and monitor it. With innumerable Xerox machines and printing presses, through tons of publications, reports, tapes and films, countless Government flacks churn out enough information, and disinformation, to overwhelm an army of reporters. To a lesser extent this is true of other large institutions: corporations, unions, foundations, all of which try to manage the news and use the press for their ends.

The fact that the press is not accountable to any other power except the marketplace clearly agitates a lot of people. This often takes the form of the hostile question to editors: Who elected you anyway? But some institutions in our society simply should not be subject to the usual political processes. As for the courts, whatever their intentions may be, they are not the place to cure the undeniable failings of the press.

Do recent court actions really make much of a difference to

journalists in practice? Many judges doubt it, but let them try an experiment and take on a tough reporting assignment. Let them try to get complicated and controversial information from resisting sources and amid conflicting claims—without the judicial power to subpoena documents or witnesses—and have to testify under the disciplines of contempt or perjury. Let these judges then see how far they will get with their assignment if they are unable to promise an informant, who may be risking his job, assured confidentiality, or if they are hit by subpoenas, now said to be running at the rate of 100-plus a year, many of these mere "fishing expeditions."

To say this is not to claim an absolute privilege for journalists. Newsmen should not ask the same standing that a lawyer or doctor has in dealing with clients or patients; lawyers and doctors after all are licensed, which is precisely what journalists will not and must not be. Obviously the American journalist enjoys unusual latitude and he must, therefore, bear unusual responsibility. He must expect a certain rough-and-tumble in his trade, and not wrap himself in the Constitution at every setback. By no means were all recent court rulings unmixed disasters. The court in effect allows the press to print anything it can get its hands on. When the Supreme Court held that a newsman's state of mind and his preparations for a story were legitimate subjects of inquiry, this evoked visions of thought police; and yet it was only a consequence of an earlier pro-press ruling that a public figure, in order to be able to sue for libel, must prove "actual" malice and gross neglect on the part of the journalist. Most newsmen do not demand confidentiality of sources automatically, but only when naming sources or delivering notes is not strictly necessary to meet the specific needs of a defendant. (Many judges in fact agree with this view.)

No serious journalist questions the need to balance the rights of a free press against other rights in society, including the rights of defendants. But the degree of balance is what counts, and the balance is tilting against the press. As a result, a backlash against the courts has begun in Congress, with the introduction of many bills designed to shore up the rights of journalists. That is a mixed blessing. Spelling out rights that were assumed to exist under the general protection of the First Amendment may very well result in limiting those rights. Most of the press would much rather not run to Congress for protection

against the courts. Yet if the courts continue on their present course, journalists will have little alternative.

Perhaps it is not too late for judges to restore some balance and to discover that they do share with the press certain common interests, if not a common fate. As New York's Irving R. Kaufman, Chief Judge of the Second Judicial Circuit, has written: "Differing as the press and the federal judiciary are, they share one distinctive characteristic: both sustain democracy, not because they are responsible to any branch of Government, but precisely because, except in the most extreme cases, they are not accountable at all. Thus they are able to check the irresponsibility of those in power . . ."

Ultimately the question of freedom of the press comes down to the question of freedom, period. Freedom exists both for good and bad, for the responsible and the irresponsible. Freedom only for the good, only for the right, would not be freedom at all. Freedom that hurts no one is impossible and a free press will sometimes hurt. That fact must be balanced against the larger fact that this freedom does not exist for the benefit of the press but for the benefit of all. In the majority of countries, judges are in effect only executioners and journalists are only Government press agents. This reality should be kept in mind as the courts deal with the American press and its rare and fragile rights.

—Henry Grunwald

This essay is based on an address delivered recently to the annual conference of the Second Judicial Circuit in Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

Environment



In the Andes, a menaced beast?



Deinonychus, a bipedal carnivore: victim of a catastrophe?



Potential dynamite detector?

Hapless Vicuña

A prized beast is threatened

The Incas were so enamored of the beast that only the royal family was permitted to eat it or wear garments made from its wool. Under such protection, an estimated population of 2 million vicuña ran wild. But after the Incas' downfall, the fragile creatures fell on hard times too. Prized for their soft, fleecy wool (now selling for \$90 a lb.),⁴ the vicuñas became the buffalo of the Andes: there were fewer than 10,000 in Peru by the late 1960s, and they were practically wiped out elsewhere.

But 1969 proved to be a temporary turning point. In that year a Peruvian government undertook to save the animals by creating a 16,000-acre preserve called Pampa Galeras in the windswept highlands in the southern part of the country. Peru also signed a pact with Bolivia that banned for ten years the hunting of vicuña and the sale of products made from the animal; subsequently, Chile and Argentina joined in the La Paz Convention. In 1973, 51 nations voted to place the vicuña on the endangered-species list and bar it from the commercial market.

Now all those good works may be undone. Peru, hard pressed for foreign exchange, and anticipating the expiration of the La Paz agreement next month, has embarked on a program to slaughter 5,000 male vicuñas out of 29,500 animals in the preserve and surrounding area. The objective is not immediate sales but to preserve vicuña skins until their wholesale worth—already estimated at \$5 million—goes up still higher.

Conservationist Felipe Benavides, president of the Peruvian branch of the World Wildlife Fund, warns that the decision will ensure the species' doom. But

government officials, notably Antonio Brack, who worked with the World Wildlife Fund until he was tapped to head the Special Project for the Rational Use of the Vicuña, deny that the beast is threatened. Brack insists that the population is increasing so rapidly (by 23% a year) that the culling should not have any harmful long-range effect.

Benavides is leading an international public relations campaign to get members of the La Paz Convention to extend the treaty. Unless he succeeds, and that is a long shot, government hunters in the Pampa Galeras could start a truly open season on the hapless beasts.

Doomed Dino

Puzzling over its demise

When dinosaurs vanished abruptly 65 million years ago, they left an enduring mystery—and created a scientific parlor game. Hypotheses abound to explain the extinction. Brains too small in bodies too large? Emerging mammals feasting on dinosaur eggs? Now comes evidence for another possibility. Geologist Walter Alvarez, probing an ocean canyon near Gubbio, Italy, discovered an abrupt increase in iridium in a limestone layer dating back to the dinosaurs' demise. Probable cause: some mysterious, still unfathomable extraterrestrial event.

Alvarez and his team from the University of California at Berkeley were sampling the strata because they provide a rare, undisturbed record of reversals in the earth's magnetic field. Such fluctuations can influence climate, and possibly allow more cosmic radiation to assail the earth's atmosphere. One layer, only a centimeter thick and tracing back 65 million years, showed a sharp excess of iridium, an element 1,000 times more plentiful in otherworldly matter than in the earth's crust. The "spike" in the readings made a sobering point. "It's the first

experimental evidence that something quite extraordinary happened then," says Physics Nobel Laureate Luis Alvarez, who gave his son a helping hand. A supernova that could have wiped out the dinosaurs? "A very small probability," says Alvarez père. Also possible but improbable: a cloud of interstellar gas or a large meteorite. On with the parlor game. ■

Sniffing Gerbil

A rodent for bombs

Rodents though they may be, gerbils are ideal house pets: small, cuddly and lovable. Also very sensitive and very dumb, which may make them ideal bomb sniffers at airport terminals. So says Research Physiologist David Moulton, who now has funding from the Federal Aviation Administration to test his theory.

In his Philadelphia lab, Moulton is training some 30 gerbils. For half an hour a day, they are put in training boxes, where they are confronted by three portholes. Purified air blows from two of the openings; the third assails them with a mix of air and amyl acetate, an odorous chemical that smells like bananas. When the gerbils correctly identify the odorous porthole by pressing a lever, they are rewarded with a drink of water. That's a big deal for the gerbils, who hail from the deserts of Mongolia. If they make a wrong choice, the portholes slam shut and the gerbils have 30 seconds to ponder their mistakes before the next olfactory assault.

Eventually, Moulton will lower the chemical concentration to see how well gerbils really do smell, and whether they can replace the sharp-nosed hounds at airports. Dogs almost certainly have keener noses, but they require walking, petting and lots of love; gerbils obviously have simpler needs. Of course, the idea of gerbils snuggling up to airline passengers may seem slightly ludicrous. Shrugs Moulton: "That's the FAA's problem." ■

⁴It was acceptance of a vicuña coat from Boston Industrialist Bernard Goldfine that led to the 1958 resignation of President Eisenhower's chief aide, Sherman Adams, a major scandal of Ike's years.

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Books

Second Opinions

BOSWELL'S CLAP AND OTHER ESSAYS by William B. Ober, M.D.
Southern Illinois University; 291 pages; \$17.50

To sweeten adversity, Shakespeare played up the toad's jeweled eye rather than its warts and bloat. Dr. William Ober, a Boston-born pathologist with an 18th century prose style and a tart Yankee wit, would rather dissect the toad. The eye looks out for itself; the rude and frequently ugly support systems of truth and beauty need all the help they can get. There is, of course, a long history of the artist as freak and invalid: Plato's ideas of divine mania; Philocetes, the archer of Greek mythology, whose festering wounds made him unfit company; 19th century Romanticism with its conspicuous consumptives; more recently, Susan Sontag's musings on the literary uses of cancer in *Illness as Metaphor*.

Perhaps because he earns his living examining diseased tissue at a Hackensack, N.J., hospital, Dr. Ober, 59, is less inclined to turn pathology into poetry. But he is certainly interested in how others did it. His collection of essays, subtitled *Medical Analyses of Literary Men's Afflictions*, balances biographical and clinical evidence with psychological speculation and common sense. "We do not test the consecrated wine for hemoglobin content, nor would Carême's recipe for a madeleine give us insight into the workings of Proust's imagination," he writes. "But literature is often a transformation of experience, and it can be illuminating to find out just what the experience was and how the writer used it."

Some examples are clearer than others. Keats enjoyed an occasional draft of opium, and, Dr. Ober points out, his imagery can be pharmacologically explicit ("My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk. / Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains ..."). Restoration Poet John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, enshrined his premature ejaculations in *The Imperfect Enjoyment*. The disorder, Ober suggests, may have been caused by confusion and guilt: the earl was bisexual.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, an ardent masochist, rhymed about the pleasures of flagellation. Whippings and alcohol distorted his judgment (as E.E. Cummings put it, "Punished bottoms interrupt philosophy"), but Ober believes that the poet's problems began during the first moments of his life. He recalls Swinburne's own statement about having been born "all but dead," and diagnoses brain damage due to oxygen deprivation. Further circumstantial evidence of neuropathology included the poet's small body and outsized head, his tics and excessive-



Sketch of James Boswell



Self-Portrait by D.H. Lawrence



Cartoon of Swinburne

ly nervous temperament. But his talent was not impaired. Neither was his critical acumen, at least when applied to the works of the Marquis de Sade. Who was, wrote Swinburne, "like a Hindoo mythologist; he takes bulk and number for greatness ... as if a number of pleasures piled one on another made up the value of a single

great and perfect sensation of pleasure."

James Boswell, whose recurrent gonorrhoea gives this book its captivating title, was a glutton for debilitating pleasures. The biographer of Samuel Johnson swilled and swived his way through 18th century London and suffered, by Dr. Ober's documented count, 19 acute attacks of urethritis. Just how the clap affected his writing is not readily apparent. More comprehensible are the roots of Boswell's reckless social life, specifically his Scots Calvinist origin with its severe strictures against wine and wenching. For Boswell, the embodiment of this authority was his father, the eighth Lord Auchinleck, a straitlaced, unaffectionate parent and a distinguished jurist who wore his courtroom robes around the house. The case history is not unfamiliar: son seeks the attention of the remote, puritanical father by challenging his values; one thing leads to another; guilt accrues, activities detrimental to health and welfare are pursued; the harmful consequences become a form of self-punishment.

Boswell saw his afflictions as the price of sin. Yet he refused to practice birth control and even patronized brothels, which was tantamount to sexual kamikaze. He died unpleasantly when infection infiltrated and destroyed his kidneys.

Although tuberculosis killed D.H. Lawrence, Dr. Ober is more concerned with the writer's psychosexual disorders. A sickly child and youth who was rejected for service in World War I, Lawrence probably doubted his masculinity. In his last years, illness-related impotence may have compounded this problem. Ober thinks that the novelist was a latent homosexual. He cites incriminating passages from *The White Peacock* and allusions in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* that Melvins did not limit himself to ordinary heterosexual acts with Lady C. The difficulty with such speculation is that the term latent covers a long and slippery gradient. One might just as casually assume latent homosexual content in the

Excerpt

"During the late 1930s and early 1940s one of the common catch phrases was 'Do you like people?' The socially desirable answer was 'Yes, I like people!' We see this attitude reflected in such books as Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes*. It was the era of the common man! Predictably Williams's 'sense of humanity' was an approved value of that particular cultural trend. However, alternative views are possible ... I question whether an indiscriminate liking for people is a virtue ... Yet this may be one reason why Williams went into general practice, and I became a pathologist. He was willing to accept the world and people in it as they were; I reserve the right to review them under the microscope and look daily at their weaknesses, faults, malformations, and diseases."



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Books

movie *Coming Home*, that contemporary switch on *Lady Chatterley* in which the guy in the wheelchair gets the girl.

Despite a reliance on missionary-position Freud, Dr. Ober is rarely dogmatic. He is frequently humorous. Commenting on the tribulations of Christopher Smart, an 18th century English poet with an embarrassing compulsion to pray on rooftops, the author observes that "there was very little need for such a muezzin in Georgian London." Disagreeing with a view that D.H. Lawrence celebrated sex alfresco while Americans kept to bedrooms, the doctor notes the abundance of contraceptives in brooks and rivers and concludes that "if Americans are not sylvan cohabitators, they are at least riparian." On Dr. William Carlos Williams, who Ober believes had a block against re-writing: "As a doctor, Williams may have buried his mistakes; as a poet, he published them." On the importance of wit and libertinism at the court of Charles II: "Men rose by their levity and women by their willingness to comply with the law of gravity, shortly to be discovered."

Quite simply, William Ober, M.D., writes better, more delightfully and with greater flexibility than most professional critics. Borrowing from Wallace Stevens, he readily admits that there is more than one way of looking at a blackbird. The bird, of course, never looks back; the causes of art remain aloof, and there is no known cure for genius.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Anti-Reich

COUNTRY WITHOUT A NAME
by Walter B. Maass
Ungar; 178 pages; \$12.50

EXPLODING STAR: A YOUNG
AUSTRIAN AGAINST HITLER
by Fritz Molden
Morrow; 280 pages; \$10

A NOBLE TREASON
by Richard Hanser
Putnam; 319 pages; \$12.50

The question will not go away. When the cattle cars with their human cargo goes rumbled off for Auschwitz, where were the righteous in the Third Reich? Each of these three books seeks answers, and in sum they are heartening. Fritz Molden, himself a fighter in the Austrian resistance, puts it best in *Exploding Star*: "Where there are people who disrupt, destroy and torture there are also, beyond all doubt, others who help, heal and support."

Austria's role is puzzling. The gravен newsreel image of the *Anschluss*—the day that Hitler forcibly joined Austria to the Reich—is one of jubilation: jack-booted, goose-stepping infantry welcomed by cascades of flowers and the joyous peal of church bells. Vienna-born Walter Maass, who specializes in wartime

Books

history (*The Netherlands at War, Assassination in Vienna*), strives to explain the complexities behind that event, and Austria's increasingly reluctant role during the seven years of Nazi rule (1938-45) that followed. *Country Without a Name* (Austria was absorbed into Germany as an assemblage of Nazi-run districts) is a bleak, sad story.

As with Germany, Austria's troubles after World War I stemmed from Versailles, specifically the 1919 Treaty of Saint-Germain that broke up the old Austro-Hungarian Empire of the Habsburgs and reduced the country to a small republic. A political standoff between Roman Catholic right and Socialist left hobbled the new democracy, bringing it several times to violence. Then the Great Depression hit. When Hitler came to power in 1933, more than 300,000 Austrians were unemployed in a nation of only 6 million. For a time, a doughty little home-grown dictator named Engelbert Dollfuss opposed Hitler, but he was assassinated by Nazis in 1934. When *Anschluss* finally came in 1938, the tired Austrians seemed ready to accept the Nazi embrace.

Their infatuation was short-lived. Maass details the lightning arrests—76,000 political undesirables jailed even before Hitler entered Vienna. He charts the merciless Aryanization of businesses and the swift disappearance of Jews from public life. He records the beginnings of a resistance that would grow through the war: 13 young Austrians refusing to take an oath of allegiance to Hitler; Socialist Otto Haas, building his network of anti-Nazi information; Father Roman Karl Scholz founding his Austrian Freedom Movement. All were caught and executed.

But with some heroic exceptions—Maass mentions a country priest imprisoned for speaking out against anti-Semitism—there were too few voices to protest the dispossession and the expulsion of the Jews. "The greater majority of the population," writes Maass candidly, "were either too indifferent or too scared to act with defiance." There were about 200,000 Jews in Vienna at the time who were, explains Molden in *Exploding Star*, "a powerful concentration of gifted, ambitious... hard-working people." Their domination of the press, the theater, medicine and law "materially con-



Fritz Molden



Walter B. Maass

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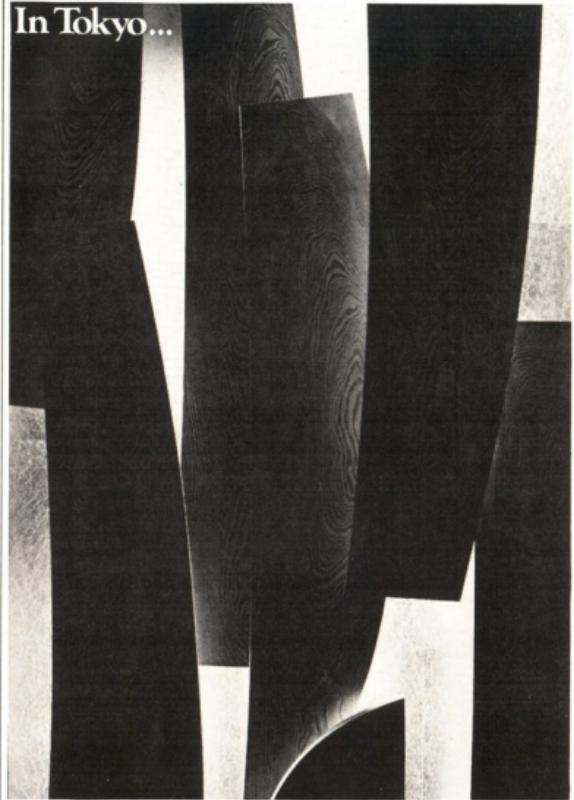
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Books

tributed to the spread of anti-Semitism in Austria."

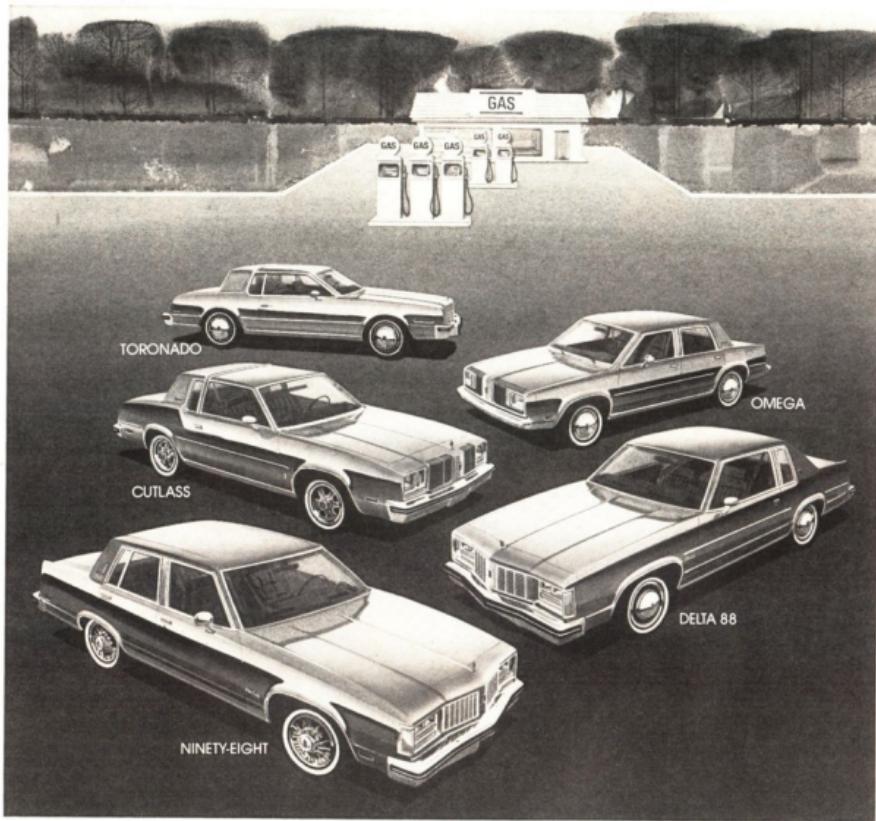
Despite such serious insights (Molden himself was to lose a part-Jewish relative), Molden's tale is a zesty autobiography of a man possessed of outrageous luck. The son of a liberal, Catholic, newspaper editor, he is a resister from the beginning. Caught by the Gestapo after an abortive attempt to get to England, he is jailed, then released as a recruit for the Russian front. There, a minor wound and a heart condition send him to more peaceful duties. He winds up in Paris, where he unashamedly lives "like a lord" through what he calls the most enjoyable months of his youth. Posted to Berlin, he makes contact with the German resistance movement. In the odyssey that follows—to Italy, Switzerland, back to crumbling Austria with an American OSS team—he seems to encounter an entire civilization of good people eager to help him oppose the Nazi cause.

There is a similar, if more low-keyed love of life and action in *A Noble Treason*, the most moving of these books. In it Richard Hanser, an American writer, unfolds with compassion and craft the story of the White Rose conspiracy in Germany, whose name was a symbol of purity and whose work one of the most selfless acts of resistance in the entire war. The heroes and heroines are no prototype Baader-Meinhof gang. They come from loving families and cherish Munich's bourgeois pleasures. Nearly all are ardent Christians. The two ringleaders, Hans and Sophie Scholl, are early converts to the Nazi youth movement, and just as early defectors. From their father, they soon learn about the first victims of Dachau, and they are stunned.

At first the conspiracy is just talk among carefully chosen friends, then action: "Leaflets of the White Rose," carrying bitter attacks against the regime and its supporters. "We are your bad conscience," say the leaflets. "Everyone wants to exonerate himself from his share of the blame ... But it cannot be done: everyone is guilty! guilty! guilty!" Eventually the two Scholls are caught, in a moment of grand drama at the University of Munich, with the condemning leaflets fluttering all about them. Within days, in February 1943, they are sentenced and almost immediately guillotined, along with their fellow conspirator Christoph Probst.

Sophie Scholl speaks for the resisters in all three histories with her echoing explanation before the People's Court in Munich: "Somebody, after all, had to make a start."

—Mayo Mots



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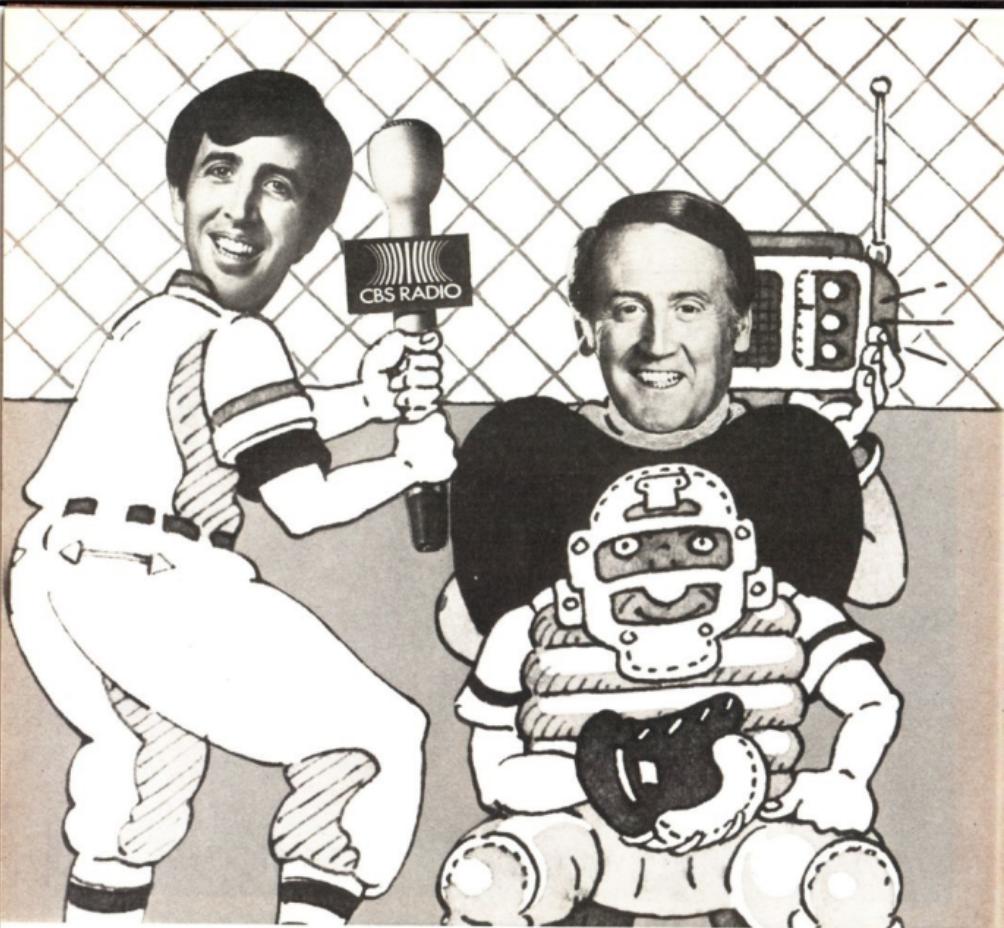
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Show Business

Culture Drought on the Charles

Without a cash flow, Boston's shows can't go on

Boston used to call itself the Athens of America. At the turn of the century, the city boasted 50 theaters for drama and vaudeville, despite a population of 507,000. Today just four of those buildings remain as legitimate theaters, and they are right next to the notorious "combat zone," where neon signs for porno joints light up more often than the theater marques. Although the venerable Boston Symphony Orchestra continues to flourish, it is the city's only established performing arts institution. Even the major touring companies bypass Boston: world-famous dance troupes like the Bolshoi, Stuttgart and American Ballet Theater no longer visit because Hynes Auditorium, the only large facility, has the acoustics of a cow barn. There is virtually no other place for the shows to go.

A principal cause of this cultural drought is a severe deprivation of funds. Boston's performing groups, like the nation's, continue to proliferate at a time when public and foundation grants are drying up. In Massachusetts last year, close to 350 recipients got a share of the state art council's \$2.5 million budget, with the highest gift, a mere \$45,000, going to the B.S.O. This year there are 264 requests for money from the same fund, but Governor Edward King, a Proposition 13 adherent, wants to trim the council's already inadequate budget by 15%. The private sector is unlikely to fill the gap. Whereas New York City's Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall get essential support from the rich corporations headquartered in the city, Boston has only a few home-town companies of any size, nota-



Opera Impresario Sarah Caldwell

Mayor Kevin White



PHOTO BY JEFFREY L. COOPER



Loeb Center's Robert Brustein

bly Gillette, Raytheon and Polaroid. A typical victim of the squeeze is Im- presario Sarah Caldwell. Her Opera Company of Boston has led a homeless and precarious existence for its 22 years. The Boston Opera House was torn down the year after the company was born, and the troupe has been forced to perform in high school gyms and even to share the Orpheum theater with rock groups. When Caldwell managed to purchase the mortgage on the Savoy theater last fall, she found that her problems were only begin- ning. A once elegant vaudeville house, the Savoy had been divided into twin movie theaters by a concrete wall. Caldwell knocked down the wall and made the hall presentable enough for a spring season, but she will need about \$5 million to renovate the theater. The stage, only 26 ft. deep, is not large enough for grand opera. Since the stage was originally built 6 ft. below street level, expansion to 65 ft. will require excavating the alley behind it.

Caldwell is not the only Bostonian with a backbreaking challenge. Henry Sears Lodge, son of Henry Cabot Lodge, is battling over the Boston Music Hall, another grand old theater complete with marble doorways, gold-plated chandeliers and four tiers of promenades. Leased to Sack Theatres in 1962, the 4,200-seat Music Hall has been doubling as a movie palace and as a home for the Boston Ballet. Last summer, when a touring company of Broadway's *Man of La Mancha* unexpectedly sold out for twelve weeks, Sack President A. Alan Friedberg stepped up his efforts to renew his lease. This was bad news to Lodge, who had been raising money since 1976 to turn the Music Hall into the Metropolitan Center, a nonprofit performing hall for the dance, opera and orchestral groups that

Metropolitan's Henry Sears Lodge



PHOTO BY JEFFREY L. COOPER

Show Business

had forsaken Boston. Lodge beat out Friedberg, coming up with the \$1.75 million to purchase the 40-year lease, and he claims to have 150 nights booked for a season beginning in November 1980. But \$3.5 million worth of expansion and renovations lie ahead, and there may be a scramble to get them done in time. Reason: a bitter Friedberg has so far refused to let Lodge's architects into the theater until July 1980, when Sack's lease expires. "For a simple project," says Lodge, "it's been an amazing mess."

One group, at least, has no housing problems. Harvard's handsome Loeb Center, built in 1960, has been a Rolls-Royce without a chauffeur. The university has no drama department, and the student-run productions have been of varying quality. This fall, however, Robert Brustein, the former dean of the Yale drama school and founder of the Yale Repertory Theater, will become the Loeb's director. According to Boston Theater Critic Elliot Norton, Brustein is the best thing that has happened to the town since Ted Williams. Brustein is bringing with him at least 30 Yale Rep veterans. He will need them. Harvard contributes \$200,000 annually to the Loeb's operation, but Brustein needs almost \$1.3 million more to launch his four-play spring season in 1980, as well as an additional \$1.15 million for the following fall. Over half the budget will come from ticket sales. The rest? When a student asked Brustein where he might raise the money, he answered dryly: "I was hoping you'd tell me."

Good theater is not cheap, and Boston may not be willing to pay. Broadway shows have started bypassing Boston on their tryouts because of insufficient audience support. In the past few years, moderately priced suburban dinner theaters have lured many patrons away from the \$25 tickets and distasteful proximity to the combat zone. Observes Friedberg: "Boston is a city with champagne tastes and beer pocketbooks." It is also a city where social climbing is just not done in Symphony Hall. Unlike younger cities, Boston has class that is bred on Beacon Hill, not bought with hefty contributions to the arts. Says Walter Pierce, director of the Boston University Celebrity Series: "If this were Tulsa, the Metropolitan Center would have happened overnight." For that matter, such other cities as Houston, Milwaukee, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Washington, D.C., and Atlanta all surpass Boston as arts centers.

In the effort to catch up, Mayor Kevin White has hired Benjamin Thompson, the architect who renovated Quincy Market, to devise a plan for the theater district. So far, at least four major buildings—offices and part of the Tufts-New England Medical Center—are scheduled to rise near the combat zone. Boston once pulled off a revolution; it may yet find the means to manage a renaissance. ■

The Formula: Subscribe Now!

If Boston manages to complete a palace of culture or two, its next problem will be to find people to fill the seats. Opening the box office windows is not enough. Theater, dance, opera and musical companies throughout the country are rapidly discovering that survival means subscriptions. Patrons who will pay for four or five performances well in advance mean, quite literally, money in the bank, and a performing group has the security of knowing that it will have an audience for experimental works, not just Pavarotti or Horowitz. Admits Ruth Hider, New York City Opera director of operations: "We couldn't survive without a subscription audience."

The subscription drive has become another of the fine arts, and there are few if any practitioners more polished than the Chicago Lyric Opera's pressagent, Danny Newman. "There's no arts boom in America today," says Newman, 60.

RICHARD FAVERN

"There's only a subscription boom." Newman should know. He has made the "fickle" single-ticket buyer expendable in many American cities. As a consultant to the Ford Foundation since 1961, he has crisscrossed the country teaching theater companies how to set up subscription drives. His formula: subscribe now. Those two words are blazoned on the brochures announcing the schedules of thousands of performing companies. Sometimes there is a hinted threat: subscribe by June 15 or subscribe before bookings close. Large-scale mailings are backed by telephone solicitations or offers of discounted tickets. In his book, *Subscribe Now!*, Newman offers "infantry tactics" for the "conversion of the single-ticket buyers." They include cocktail parties, the use of private Christmas card mailing lists and even door-to-door canvassing.

Newman's hard-sell tactics have turned off some of the patrons who are most knowledgeable about the arts. His prose can be flamboyant or plain trashy. He once billed *Cavalleria Rusticana* as "hot-blooded romance, illicit love and violent vengeance, Sicilian style." But Newman is a superflack, not a philistine. He wants to make culture a pervasive American institution.

The results of his campaign are impressive. Hundreds of companies, including the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, the St. Louis Symphony, the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, the Cleveland Orchestra, the Houston Grand Opera and the New York City Ballet, have had increases of 100% or more since Newman started advising them. The Louisville Ballet has already sold out the upcoming fall season with 7,000 subscribers and 2,000 more on a waiting list. Says General Manager Michael Durham: "His book is our bible."

Last month Newman was in Boston pepming up Sarah Caldwell. Specifically, he advised her on the proper timing of the release of 450,000 brochures between now and the beginning of the 1980 season. He urged pushing harder to get renewals with a major telephone campaign. "Back to fundamentals. Boston is a campus-rich town, so I suggested increased efforts there—on both the student and faculty levels." Then he flew to Israel, where he reviewed sales programs. This week it is off to Canada on a four-city tour of subscription checkups. But charity begins at home. Newman has managed to help the Chicago Lyric Opera, which he has promoted for 25 years, to raise more than \$3 million a year. "We have 14,000 contributors at the Lyric Opera," he notes. "Instead of four tycoons."



Danny Newman on his home grounds

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change (or as a store of value). And nations have been trading with it since.

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as money longer than any currency in the world.

No one can guess how much unity on gold policy will ever be achieved. Countries tend to follow their own economic interests and gold is now widely dispersed. The European Common Market holds more than the U.S., and some OPEC countries have bought heavily. Also, some important gold countries, Russia and Switzerland among them, do not belong to the major world monetary association.

Furthermore, nations own only half the world's gold. Much has been acquired by organizations such as companies or private banks, and with a deceptive absence of drama, by literally millions of individuals. In many free countries, the latter could cast a vote against an anti-gold policy.

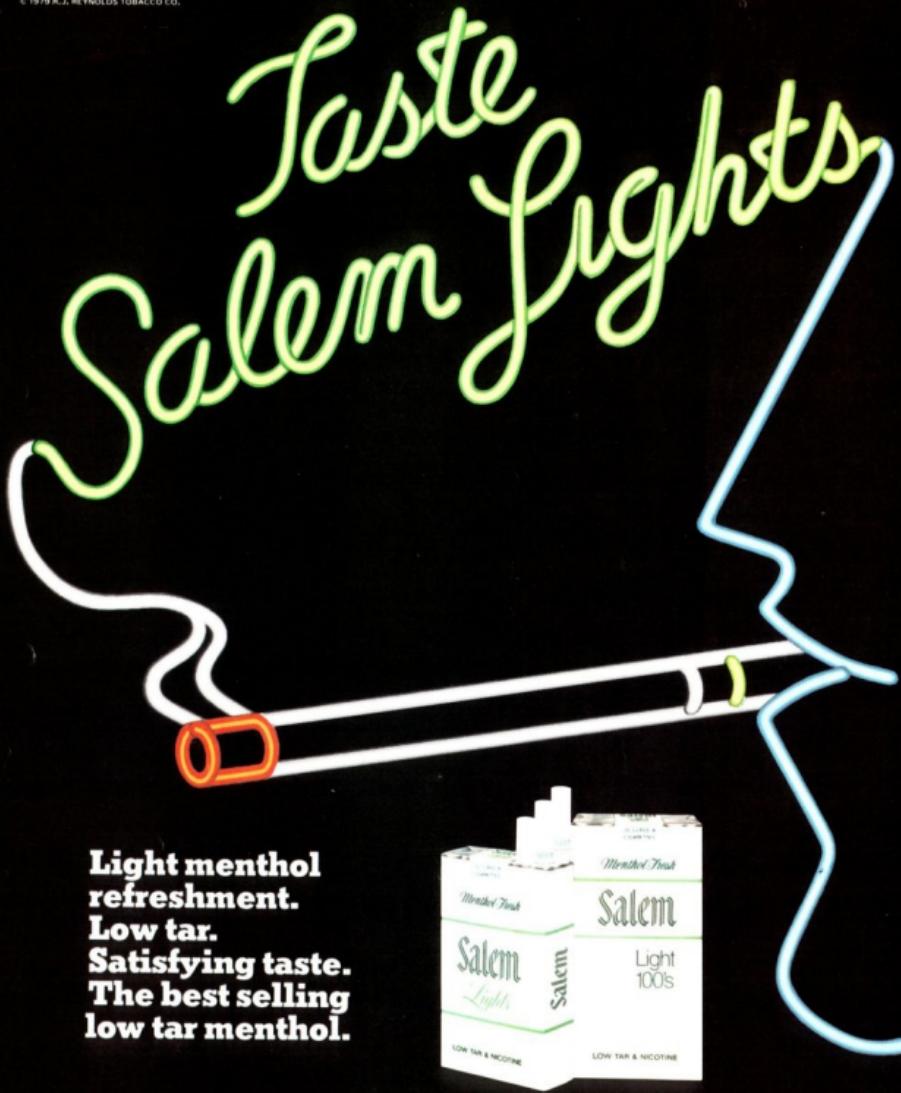
As the debate continues, gold always seems to return to a historically proven premise—it is extremely rare and extremely useful and therefore has value. And when there are two parties, whether government or individual, who agree on this, gold is money that can be exchanged.

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